THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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I DIE CONTENT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY OLIVE.

She loved me—
And I die content!
She *loves* me—
And I die content!
I dared not speak my love aloud,
For she was rich, and she was proud:
And I was proud, and I was poor;
Then must I suffer and endure.

She loved me—
And I die content!
She *loves* me—
And I die content!
For me her rose-like blushes came;
Her sweet voice trembled o'er my name;
Her fawn-like start told I was nigh:
Ah, for these signs I well could die!

She loved me—
And I die content!
She *loves* me—
And I die content!
When love and life have drifted by,
And I in cold indifference lie,
With cheek to mine she then shall say—
"My joy hath died with thee to-day!"

CHANGES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

A quiet little step rippled the grass in the meadow, and Herman Graves looked out from the cool shade of his retreat among the hazels to the path down which Rose Nevil walked slowly, her eyes downcast, her sweet face shadowed with sadness. She did not observe him as he lay stretched at full length upon the green sward. If she had, the little head would have erected itself proudly, and the sweet lips have smiled; for Rose was every inch a woman, and as proud as a little princess. Never would she have permitted him to revel in the sweet sense of his power as he did then, lying there with triumph dancing in his handsome eyes and all over his fine face.

He watched her graceful movements as she went down to the edge of the brook and threw her jug into the sparkling pool. But she did not draw it forth and return to the little cottage up among the trees with it upon her head. The movements which had quickened as if by a sudden impulse, again grew slow and pensive. Had Herman been a little closer, he might have seen tears in the eyes he had often compared to violets and pansies, with their changing light of deep and pale.

With the string attached to the handle caught up loosely within her fingers, she half leaned against the rude fence along which the path lay, while her head drooped sadly. And thus she stood for several minutes, unconscious of all save her own sorrowful thoughts. The golden rays of a setting sun fell upon the fair brow from which the brown hair was brushed away revealing the pure, blue-veined temples and ivory white throat in a beauty that was like golden radiance upon marble. The arms, too, round and dimpled as a little child's, gleamed below the full, short sleeve, while the little feet looked even smaller nestling among the grass, and which her short skirt could not conceal.

Herman Graves was young, impulsive, and had a keen eye for the beautiful. This pretty, pensive picture roused him, and while his heart beat with unwonted kindness, he arose and quietly approached her.

She did not observe him until he stood at her side, with one hand grasping his gun as it stood upon the ground, the other resting on the fence, while his head was bowed close to her face.

"Why so pensive, Rose, darling?" he whispered.

She lifted her eyes an instant to his face with a quick glance, and then they fell again to his feet silently. No answer came from the sweet lips, though the rebellious blood mantled the fair cheek.

"No answer for me, Rose? Come, this is unkind. You look sad, and I am sorry; but you will not tell me what troubles you. I would like to help you, Rose."

"That is best done by being kind all the time, and then I should not feel hurt or sorrowful," she answered involuntarily. But the same instant she would have given much to recall her words, for they were but an acknowledgment of his power to wound her.

"Why, my little girl, what have I done—how have I been unkind?" he asked with feigned ignorance.

For reply she gave a little impatient pull at the cord, drew the jug to the surface of the brook, and lifted it out upon the grass. From that it went to her head and sat securely upon the mass of brown hair, while the pearly drops trickled down upon the white neck and upraised arm, as she turned into the path towards the cottage. She would not stoop to explain what he knew very well already, so she went on silently.

"Rose, this is not like you," he cried, following her. In a moment he put out his hand and took the jug from her head, setting it upon the ground, and in a moment more the little fingers were imprisoned within his broad, soft palm. "I will not let you go in this way, my Rose. If I have offended, tell me in what way, that I may not again be guilty of the same. What is it?"

She struggled to free her hand vainly; then a passionate cry broke through her lips.

"Oh, Herman, you are cruel! I will not bear it! You are trifling with me—have been all the while. If you had ever loved me as you have so often declared, you would not delight in tormenting me in every way, as you do. I thought you so generous, so manly; but you are not even true to yourself. You do things too weak and petty for a man of earnest self-respect. What good can it do you to trifle with me, trying to make me believe in your love, while your heart is given to another?"

"Jealous, Rose? O, what an unworthy sentiment to harbor in this dear little bosom," he laughed reproachfully. "I had not thought that of you."

She tossed her head scornfully.

"No, not jealous, Herman. You know better than that. But I am a poor, humble girl, with nothing to recommend me to one like yourself, save a fair share of beauty which you love to praise, that you may cheat me into confidence. But she is rich, accomplished and handsomer than I. You cannot help loving her; and I am willing that you should. But while you do this, you should not seek me—should not bring her day after day across my path, and while within my very sight shower upon her the tenderest attentions. It is mean and unmanly. Your self-respect should save you, if nothing else."

"You are severe," he said, dropping her hand and speaking coldly. "Blanche Ives is my mother's guest, and it is my duty to be very polite to her. Do you not understand this? When we come near you in my favorite rambles as we often do, I assume more interest in her to cover the joy I feel at sight of your dear face. You know very well, Rose, that I dare not betray myself yet. No steps have been taken to prepare them at home for what is to come, and I must be prudent for your sake as well as my own. Women are quick witted, and Blanche might discover more than I care for her to know if I do not act upon the defensive."

"Then why bring her across my path at all? Herman, your excuse is no excuse. I am but a simple girl, but I cannot be deceived. You are day by day destroying my trust in you—my respect for you; and it is this that makes me sad. When I remember how dear you have been to me—how noble in my eyes, before she came, it is hard to reconcile myself to the changes that are becoming so apparent now."

Her lips quivered, the pearly drop standing like a dew gem in the blue eye, slowly rolled over the round, polished cheek. Herman was touched with the beautiful frankness and truth of her manner and words. For the moment he even regretted the unworthy part he was playing. Simple and humble as her lot was, Rose's notions of propriety were unerring, her principles clear and elevated. Any man might be proud of her love and confidence, and both had been his—full, true, generous. She was not niggardly in her affections; but the girl's pride and her sense of right were as strong and full as her love. He did not want to lose this pearl out of his life. He was nobler and better in her presence. However much he might be carried away while out of her sight, a few moments in her presence—a few words in her gentle tones, restored her power. Good resolves were born of the self-same hour in which her little hand was put forth to meet his in greeting, and all that was evil in his nature shrank abashed from the gaze of her clear, truthful eyes. He could not be otherwise than good, manly then.

Yet, singularly enough, his besetting sin seized upon him the moment he found an opportunity to tease her after their little parting. Secure in the knowledge that she loved him better than all the world besides, he had no fear of the consequences, and used his power in a most ungenerous and unmanly way, striving to make her jealous and miserable by bringing Blanche Ives, his mother's guest, across her path as often as possible, showering tender attentions upon her, and then affecting ignorance of any cause for offence when he again met Rose. Now, when she reproached him, he assumed a coldness he did not feel, for he was secretly pleased with the state of affairs, until he saw something of the danger in which he stood. It was far from his intention to lose her respect, and when she declared the truth in those earnest tones and with such tears, he could not doubt her.

"Rose," he faltered, and the feeling in his voice was genuine, "do not learn to despise me. I have not acted just right, I know, but I will trust you to forgive me. You are generous and kind. Will you not forgive me, Rose?"

"Willingly, if you are in earnest," she replied; "but, Herman, why will you stoop to such unworthy amusement as you have indulged in for a few weeks past? I acknowledge the pain it has cost me, but it was no jealous pang. If you really loved Miss Ives, and your happiness depended upon her, I could give you up with no unkind thoughts for her. But I cannot bear to have you playing a double part. It is not just to her nor to me—still less just to yourself. No

difference of position and education could make me look up to you with honor when you sully your manhood by falsehood and deceit."

"This is uncalled for, Rose. I have asked your forgiveness, and you pretended to grant it. Yet you do not spare me, and I am not angelic or patient in my disposition. If you pardon my little faults, seal it with smiles and kind words, or I shall seek pleasanter company," he said, with a flash of real anger, his handsome face flushing redly with the quick emotion.

She winced a little, but answered steadily:

"I am sorry to wound you, Herman; but if you cannot bear to bear the truth, your repentance is of shallow depth. Take my words kindly this once. I promise never again to intrude them upon you, whatever you may do. Act frankly and honorably. I will not lay a straw in your way. But do not try to torment me with attentions to another, as I can so plainly see you have been doing, and then, when I speak to you, forced by your own will to do so, evade the truth and cover it up with false motives. I am willing to wait your own time for the revelation of our engagement to your friends; but let me have the pleasure of holding you in faultless remembrance during this time. I cannot endure to be treated as a plaything, hidden away from your friends as unworthy of their notice, and tormented by a weak desire of yours to make me jealous. No woman with proper self-respect would bear it. No man with proper self-respect would be guilty of it. Now I have said all I shall ever say upon the subject. I leave you to your own choice for the future, willingly passing over what is past. But remember that a continuance of such actions will separate us forever. By this I shall know the truth of your affection. It lies with you to say whether we shall go on with the same purpose as heretofore. You are to seal our destinies as one, or declare our separation by your actions. Now, adieu to the subject."

She laughed lightly and turned her face to him in the gathering shadows; for now the sun had sunk, and the night was advancing. But an angry, perverse mood had taken possession of the man. For the first time in his life she had roused him to a stubborn resentment. She was taking too high a stand with him, and he would not yield to this princess-like authority which she had assumed. With a dark brow and sullen voice he lifted his gun, swung it over his shoulder, and turned from her, saying, as he did so:

"I have not deserved this at your hands, Miss Nevil, and shall submit to no such tests as you seem disposed to subject me to. If you cannot trust to my love, I will not again force the declaration upon you. Until you are in a kinder and more amiable mood, I will bid you good evening."

She looked after him with anguished eyes and pale lips, as he sauntered away and entered the grove beyond the meadow. But he never once turned a glance back, and she took up her jug with a heavy sigh, walking back to the cottage and her neglected duties with an aching heart. No complaint passed her lips. She knew that one of the most important hours of her life had come, and began to read its lessons bravely.

Several days passed, and she did not see or hear anything of Herman. He made no signs of repentance, and she could do nothing except to wait for future developments.

A week after the meeting in the meadow she was among her flowers in the garden at the end of the cottage, when the clatter of horses' feet made her look up. Herman and Miss Ives came sweeping down the road, his head bent toward her in eager conversation, while her beautiful face glowed with rosy blushes. Rose's heart gave one great throb of agony, and then sank sick and faint within her bosom. Both checked their horses slightly as they came nearer, and, directed evidently by Herman, Miss Ives's black eyes fell full upon her as they passed. Rose's pride came to her aid, and, though her face was as pale as the delicate white flowers over which she bent, her violet eyes were clear and steady in their uplifted glance. Herman lifted his hat gallantly, reined in his horse with sudden impulse, and called to her in a gay, joyous tone,

"Ah, good-evening, Miss Nevil. Will you not give me a spray of those beautiful flowers for Miss Ives? We cannot boast such at the Mansion throughout our conservatories."

"Certainly," in calm, even tones, and with the pruning knife beside her, she carefully cut the fairest, and presented them as he leaned from his saddle over the garden railing.

"Thank you. But see what unreasonable mortals we are. Your kindness has made me bold. Something for myself, too, Miss Nevil, please."

Without a word, but the simplest manner in the world, she complied, cutting a little starry cluster of blooms whose language was "Submission," to which she added another which spoke of "treachery." As he took them from her hand his quick glance read their meaning, and he colored slightly. Another bow, a quick spurring of the restless steed, and the two bounded away gaily, he bending as they went to give his companion the flowers he had begged for her.

Rose had acted her part well, but their forms were scarcely lost to sight ere the tears fell like pearly drops of dew upon the flowers she tended. He had given her a cruel and unkind blow, and she felt it deeply.

"So it is all past," she sighed to herself. "Thus he has decreed it. Well, perhaps it is better. A lover so unkind would scarcely make a good husband, and mine must not be weak and capricious. Miss Ives will suit him better, perhaps, and he will not dare to trifle with one so nearly his equal. I must give him up."

The two equestrians came back again before the hour had expired in which they first appeared, but their pace was slow, their conversation very earnest, evidently. Rose was still quietly busied with her flowers, seeing which Herman felt disappointed more than was reasonable or kind. Had she not been there, he would have exulted in the thought that she was somewhere shedding tears over his indifference, and his spirits would have risen accordingly. But Rose was mistress of the situation. She knew better than to give him any such selfish pleasure, and remained where she was, noting his redoubled attentions to Miss Ives at the sight of her, with a feeling akin to scorn.

That night Rose paced her little chamber for many hours after her father slept, pondering all the past in her own mind. She was no romantic, sentimental maiden. Her life had been too full of earnest duty for anything beyond the practical to weave itself deeply into her nature. Yet she was loving-hearted—perhaps more so than young ladies generally are, because more thoughtful and earnest; and this change was to her a sore trial. It was a hard thing to see the beautiful light fade from the fair form of the man she had enshrined as noble within her most sacred thoughts, and leave the defects too glaringly visible for even love to pass over. The deformity shocked and pained her beyond power of words, and she shivered and grew sick under the emotions the revelation had brought her. She had no mother or sister—not even a friend to whom she might go for sympathy and advice, so the struggle was more bitter. But before the day dawned, it was all past, and she slept like a child in her sweet innocence and beauty.

As for Herman, he strolled carelessly through the shrubbery with Blanche, after tea, until both were wearied, when he went to his room to enjoy his cigar and his thoughts. He was not very well pleased with himself, for he really loved Rose as much as he was capable of loving anyone, and he knew that his conduct of this afternoon would be taken seriously.

Perhaps he did not regret it as a better man might have done. He was both worldly and selfish, though far from vicious; and the embarrassments of an engagement with one beneath him might now be put aside easily, leaving him free to choose one in every way his equal, and his parent's choice, if not his own, as best fitted to become his wife. Blanche herself was not averse to his attention. His love of power, and innate vanity had led him to sound her feelings already, so that his mind was easy upon this point.

Still the knowledge of his present position with Rose was not agreeable. The last interview had revealed depths of pride and power of resolution which he would find it difficult to combat, with all of his assurance and winning suavity of manner.

Thinking over it after he retired, he grew restless and unhappy; but when morning came his evil genius held him fast within its clutches, and to punish her for her pride, he resolved he would not go near her for a week. Then, perhaps, her distress at the thought of his indifference, would melt her into graciousness and reason.

With this view he rode, walked, and flirted extensively for four or five days, while the gentle girl whose love he had trifled away, went daily about her duties, having laid away forever the bright hopes kindled when he first whispered in her ear a tale of devotion.

From the hour in which he had bent to take the flowers from her hand, all was at an end between them. It only remained for her to school herself into the thought of the change—to reason away the bitter pain of disappointment at heart. This had been done soon by unusual strength of will and purpose, and Rose pursued her way evenly—sadder and more thoughtful than before, perhaps, but not unhappy. The battle had been fought—the victory won. Life for her had a purpose, and she could not pause to weep over the slain in the conflict. She must walk onward—look upward, leaving behind the man who had proved unworthy.

On a still, bright, sunny afternoon, in which only the humming of the bees and the faint fall of waters could be heard, Rose carried her sewing to the little parlor window, shaded by green vines, and sat quietly at work. Mr. Nevil was away in the field, so she was entirely alone when a dark shadow fell upon her lap, and looking up, Herman's eyes met her own as he stood leaning his arms upon the window sill.

"Good afternoon, Rose," he said as if nothing had occurred.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Graves."

"Mr. Graves? It used to be Herman, Rose."

"Yes, but all that is changed now."

"Changed? How? You do not mean that you were serious in all that nonsense?"

"If Mr. Graves attaches no importance to his own words, the fault is his; but if he has not learned as yet that I speak none devoid of meaning, he must learn it now. Here is the ring for which I have no use now, as the engagement between us has been cancelled by your own act."

He took it from her hand reluctantly.

"Rose, it seems to me that you could not do this so coolly and quietly, if you ever loved me. Can it be possible that I have been deceived in you?"

"No, sir; the deception has all been on your side. I thought you a man of honor, and loved you as such. I have found out my mistake, so of course it is all changed."

He winced, and flushed deeply.

"Rose, do you really believe that I love Miss Ives?"

"If you do not you ought to do so, since you have taken such pains to win her affection. Your treatment of myself I can forgive, since it has revealed to me your true character; but you have no right to trifle with her in the same manner, and to do it will render you as contemptible as you are untrustworthy. You owe it to her to offer your hand honorably, and if you can, make her a good husband; for she both loves and trusts you. I have seen that for some time past, and can sincerely hope that you may both be happy."

He stood looking at her blankly, full of angry amazement at her coolness. He had expected anger and passionate resentment from her—perhaps a stormy scene of reproaches, tears and sobs—to end in reconciliation; but not this.

"So you really mean to drive me from you?" he said at last.

"No. I have no right to control your wishes in anyway. You can come and go at will, but of course not upon the same footing. You have destroyed that yourself."

His foot stamped the turf outside impatiently. How she exasperated him!

"Oh, Rose, this is too much! I cannot bear it. Forgive me and let it all pass. You know that I love you better than anything else upon earth. I am miserably unhappy—and I will confess it—ashamed of my conduct towards you. Say that you forgive me and will be my own little Rose again."

"To forgive you is easy, but to promise what you desire is impossible. You have killed my faith—with it my love, for love cannot live where trust is wanting. I think you never understood me rightly, Mr. Graves, else you had not lightly cast aside one of the greatest blessings of a man's life—an earnest woman's undivided affection. But it is too late now. All that remains is for you to deal less harshly with one nearer your equal, whose affections you have won. For her sake I trust that your devotion may have a deeper foundation than it has been my lot to discover within you."

It is not to be supposed that he took all this patiently. The pretty green leaves lay torn into shreds all over the window sill, and one or two flowers shared a like fate before she gave him a chance to speak; then a torrent of reproaches fell from his lips, which was borne quietly until his words ran out. When he had done she rose, bowed calmly, and left the window, saying in apology,

"Please excuse me, Mr. Graves. It is papa's hour for tea, and I must hasten to make it."

With heavy strides he crushed the grass in the little yard, passed out of the gate and plunged into the grove beyond. That was the last time Rose saw him for years.

A few weeks later the Ives family went back to town, and when the spring came again, she heard that Herman and Blanche were married. The tidings gave her no pain. Even regret was dead, for Rose was superior to the man she had once regarded with tenderness, and she knew that it was best as it was. Besides, her father's illness absorbed time and thought, for it was dangerous, and there were none save herself to care for him in his closing life.

When the June roses were in full bloom, and the meadows full of sweet odors, Mr. Nevil closed his eyes upon the fair world, and poor Rose followed him to a quiet grave under his beloved trees as sole mourner. But it was not long until a strange visitor came—a younger brother of her mother's, who had spent years abroad, and returned only in time to learn her father's death and her desolation, a few days before. His home was open to receive his sister's only daughter, and he had come to convoy her to it.

So the little cottage was closed, and the favorite haunts she had loved from her childhood deserted forever. The property was put into the hands of an agent and sold, the proceeds deposited in the bank subject to her order, and with a new life opening its flowery paths for her young feet, Rose Nevil walked up the ascent of years, ere she again came face to face with Herman Graves.

Mrs. Graves stood in a quiet nook, looking upon the sea of faces in a crowded ball-room, out of which one shone pre-eminent. It was that of a tall, slender girl, with a mass of dark hair falling over her shoulders, into the side of which was fastened a diamond spray, looping back the rich waves until the faultless neck and blue veined temples were clearly revealed.

Her dress was of white lace, over a full skirt of amber-colored satin, and as she moved, queenly grace and dignity distinguished her from all others. A haunting sense of familiarity kept the eyes of Mrs. Graves fixed upon the beautiful features until Herman came back from the performance of an errand at the other side of the room, when she pointed her out to him.

"Who can she be—so strange and yet so provokingly familiar?" she asked.

Until she looked up for his answer, she had not seen that he was deathly pale, and even trembling.

"That is a young lady whom you saw at a little cottage near my father's place," was his low reply. "She once gave me some flowers for you when we were riding by; and many a time we saw her when we walked through the woods and meadows."

"What! that queenly girl? Herman, you are jesting."

"No, it is true. Her father died the summer after we were married, and a brother of her mother's took her home. I heard all about it but a few moments ago. Mr. Stevens, her uncle, has no children, and she will be one of the richest heiresses in Boston, as well as the most beautiful."

For a moment both were silent, and before the conversation was resumed, a gentleman claimed Mrs. Graves' hand for the set forming. With a look of relief she placed her fingers upon his arm and suffered him to lead her away, while Herman's gaze followed her with strange bitterness. From her his eyes wandered to where Rose stood under the chandelier, whose brilliant light shone upon her peerless beauty as the radiance of the sun upon sparkling water which reflects back its beams in softened lustre. In his mind he was forming contrasts. That girl with the queenly air and superb presence, surrounded by her train of suitors, was no coquette—no less a sincere woman of principle and worth than when he wooed her under the shadows of the apple trees at the little cottage. The years that had slipped in between had been freighted with many bitter lessons for him. Too late had come the knowledge that he was capable of deep and strong emotions; and it had been brought out by trials which would have awakened pity in the heart of the noble woman on whom his eyes rested so wistfully, with such dark shadows in their depths, had she but known them.

Drawn towards her, as by a spell, his steps wandered nearer and nearer until he stood in the outer edge of her circle, and here she detected his glance with a start of surprise. It seemed as if in that one instant she read what was in his soul, and pitied him. A smile broke over her features, and she extended her hand for a greeting.

"This is a surprise, Mr. Graves. Is your wife here?"

"Yes; she is dancing. How is it that you do not join in the amusement? Do you ignore it, or is it that you are more pleasantly engaged?" glancing around him.

"I am weary of it," she answered. "Will you bring Mrs. Graves here and present me when she is disengaged, or shall I go with you to find her?"

"I will take you to find her if you will permit,"—and she quietly accepted his proffered arm, moving off with a pleasant smile for those who yielded her up to his guidance.

Mrs. Graves had gone to the music room, less crowded than the dancing saloons, and they went after her.

"So we meet again," murmured Herman as they threaded their way through the throng. "You are more beautiful and happier than ever, Miss Nevil, while I have known what it is to suffer. I did not appreciate you in the olden time, but I do now. Could I have reached your standard of manhood then, I should not to-night be the miserable being I am."

"Hush," she said, almost sternly. "If you have suffered, use the lessons for future guides. No mortal is made to feel more than it is his need to bear for some wise purpose. We should never complain. It is but the purifying fire through which we must pass sooner or later."

"I should make no complaint if I could hope that there was pure metal to be dissolved from the mass of dross. But it looks hopeless."

She put a direct question.

"You are not happy. Whose fault is it?"

"My own," he answered, sincerely. "Blanche loved me when we were married, but I was too vain and selfish to hold the treasure I had won; so, by folly, as once before, I lost the treasure, and in return for carelessness and neglect, met dissatisfaction and complaint. She turned from me to the world, and it absorbs her. Home is not home. My children have no mother. I have no wife. Only a gay butterfly flutters in and out of my house, followed by many of its kind. If you are vengeful, you may have your revenge now."

She lifted up her eyes to his face with a glance that reminded him of that evening in the meadow long ago.

"No, I am not vengeful. I would hurt the happiness of no living creature, and would not stoop to such a triumph. Now bury the past, and never more let words like these cross your lips. They will not do for me to hear or you to speak. Your wife sits yonder, and in a few weeks I shall lean upon a husband's arm for protection. But I shall be your friend and hers, and if I can help you I will."

The introduction was made, and Mrs. Graves fluttered with pleased surprise. The marked attention of so universal a favorite drew upon her the glances of many who had passed her with but cold recognitions, and she was more than satisfied. But a deeper joy was in Herman's heart. A sweet voice had said, "I shall be your friend and hers, and if I can help you I will." It sang of hope and peace for future years, and he welcomed the sweet song as angels' whisperings.

His heart was lighter when he returned home because of that promise, and as the weeks went by, she made it good by coming into his house and infusing into the ruling powers, something of her own purity and lofty principles of action. She rarely came when he was there, but he understood her purpose, and aided it by his own actions. Reason and experience had shown him his true position, and he longed to retrieve himself for the sake of the years to come, to which, before he met her, he looked forward only with a sickening sense of despair.

Rose was married and settled near them at last. Her distinguished position gave her wide influence; but it was best felt by Mrs. Graves in her own home circle, to which she returned with remorseful tenderness, wakened by the clear seeing, ennobling power of the kind friend who had stepped in just in time to prevent a household wreck. For both, the sky grew bright and sunny now, for kindness won back the lost love, and a loving woman is always devoted, if her affection finds anything true to feed upon. Blanche came back to duty and a higher, purer source of pleasure, in proportion to the tenderness and care he lavished upon her, and it was Rose who made him see and understand this. Gradually he learned his responsibilities and assumed them with cheerfulness, so that as time went by, his home became the one dear and pleasant spot on earth. And when his thoughts turned to Rose, blessed and blessing in her daily life, it was never with a thought more than of sincere gratitude. She had taught him two of life's dearest lessons, and they had saved him from years of misery, perhaps despair.

"A true woman is an embodied angel of light."

☞ A friend of ours was in company once where the conversation turned upon a discourse which one of the party had listened to that morning, and the remark was made by some one that the minister had lately "married his fifth wife." "What was the subject of the discourse?" asked one of the party. "It was on happiness, and he tried to show that as God had given us so many opportunities for happiness it was our duty to be happy." "Probably that is why he has married so many times; he doubtless considers matrimony a means of happiness." "Well," said our friend, "if he does he is certainly *running it into the ground*."

☞ A most important discovery, far more so than that of the alleged source of the Nile, has just been made in South America. It is that the great river Amazon has been found to be navigable from one end to the other; that, in fact, a new route has been opened between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The Morona, a Peruvian steamer, which was sent to explore the Amazon, has arrived from Mayro, about 300 miles from Lima. The Morona navigated more than 2,000 miles of the Amazon proper, and 600 of the Yeayali and the Pachitea rivers, which until then had seen only Indian canoes. The country is, of course, inhabited only by savages, but it is of wonderful fertility.

☞ A young lady recently stepped into a fancy dry goods store and called for a pair of stockings, addressing herself to a nice little specimen of imperial spot and moustached lip, that stood behind the counter:—"Haven't any article of that name, mine, but we have beautiful hose of silk and Lama's hair—which do you prefer, and what color do you admire?" "Young gentleman," she replied, "I called for a pair of *stockings!* I *mean* what I *say*, and if this shocks your modesty, you will excuse me. I know a tow-headed fellow over the way who will sell me a pair of stockings,"—and with this remark she left the young embodiment of starch, hair and ramrods, to recover at his leisure from the shock given to his modesty by this excessively *vulgah* young lady.

☞ Speaking of "last words," one of the finest expressions we ever knew as uttered by a dying man, was that of a stage-driver in California, a few years ago. Several friends, drivers like himself, were standing by his bedside. "Boys," said he feebly, "I am on the down grade, and can't reach the brake!" and died.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1866.

THE COMING YEAR.

In order to give plenty of time to those desirous of making up Clubs for The Post, as well as for The Lady's Friend, we insert the Prospectus of each periodical in the present number.

The only difference between the terms in the Prospectuses, and those we have had standing for some weeks past, is in the offer of a Sewing Machine on certain conditions.

This offer is as low as we can make it, and our terms will not be deviated from. It must be remembered that the price of the machine—which is Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3, the same as that heretofore offered by us—has advanced from forty-five to fifty-five dollars.

In making up the Clubs, some may prefer taking the paper, some the magazine, while others may take both. Thus, in a club of forty, there may be twenty subscribers to The Post, and twenty to The Lady's Friend—it matters not to us what proportion of each, so there be forty subscribers in all, with the one hundred dollars. Upon the receipt of the names and money, or of the money alone, we will send the sewing machine.

We prefer that all the subscribers to the sewing machine clubs should be obtained at the regular price of $2.50. In case they are obtained at a lower rate, the balance of course must be made up out of the pocket of the person who wishes to procure the machine.

One word that applies to all Clubs. Begin to get them up *at once*. By leaving it too late, the persons you rely upon to fill your lists, are procured by others who are more active. In this as in many other things, the old proverb holds true, "The early bird catches the worm." And we trust to have the pleasure of receiving a great many clubs this year, and of forwarding a large number of Posts, Lady's Friends, and Sewing Machines as Premiums to those who get them up.

TO OUR EXCHANGES.

The present high price of paper will compel us to retrench our exchange list as much as possible. If we should happen to stop sending our paper to any publishers who are entitled to it, they will oblige us very much by informing us by letter of the mistake.

A SENSIBLE JUDGE.

New York always has had a small number of tolerably able and sensible men among her judges, but we think Judge Ryan, of Buffalo, is rather entitled to wear the palm. According to the *Express* of that city, he recently made the following response to a limb of the law who ventured a mild remonstrance against some ruling of the Court:

"I have no law for it. I give it as the opinion of the Court, based upon common sense. I am no lawyer. I have never read a law book in my life, and I never will, for the reason that I see so many infernal fools who have read law, that I dare not venture the experiment."

Our own opinion of the law coincides to a considerable degree with that of Judge Ryan. The moment the question at issue passes beyond the simple collection of an undoubted debt, the wisdom of the law is not to be depended upon. We are inclined to believe that the chief virtue of the law consists in this, that it settles disputed points—not in its mode of settling them. As a general thing, about as much justice would be done, and that more cheaply and speedily, by having an officer with a teetotum, who should decide according to which of the sides of the teetotum came uppermost after spinning it. Every old and honest counsellor will give as the result of his experience, that it is folly to go to law upon any case involving disputed points; it is better to make almost any sort of a compromise than to appeal to the learned stupidity of judges and the unlearned stupidity of juries. In fact one seldom hears of a lawyer going to law. Lawyers like to pull chestnuts out of the fire well enough, but they always imitate the monkey who used the silly cat's paws to do it with.

Some readers may suppose we are joking, but we assure them there is quite as much earnest as jest in our words. After some degree of experience of our own, and some knowledge of the experience of others, we have arrived at a feeling very nearly approaching contempt for the whole system and practice of jurisprudence. We strongly doubt that justice is more generally done than if the teetotum mode of decision were resorted to; and we are greatly tempted to admire the determination of Peter the Great, who, after spending a morning in an English law-court, said, upon leaving, that he had only one lawyer in his dominions, and he was resolved when he got home to hang him.

GAS.

Bayard Taylor, in his admirable lecture on "Ourselves and our Relations," in which he contrasts with great fairness the condition of things in this Republic and on the continent of Europe, mentions as one very curious fact that we Americans submit continually to be abused and over-ridden by our railroad and other incorporated companies, to an extent that would often cause a popular tumult abroad. European travellers in this country frequently have expressed a similar opinion, saying that the patience of the American people on certain occasions of railroad and steamboat detention and disaster, was something absolutely marvellous. We may therefore be allowed to take it for granted that such is the case—one reason for it being the good sense of our people, who know that in a new country, where the population is comparatively sparse, and the distances very great, the perfection and accuracy of the travelling arrangements of an old and thickly settled community cannot reasonably be expected.

But this patience and forbearance are sometimes carried too far. Evils are not remedied, simply because they are not earnestly protested against. As an instance in point—and the immediate occasion of the present article—how few voices have yet been lifted against the vile quality of the gas with which Philadelphia has been supplied for some time past, and relative to the insufficient quantity afforded to certain districts.

In portions of Germantown, for instance, the gas for *months* has burned very dimly through all the evening, and often goes out entirely about nine o'clock. Then, so unequal is the pressure, that if you go to bed at ten o'clock, leaving a small flame burning, you may be wakened in the middle of the night by an illumination suggesting that the house is possibly on fire. Thus the consumer is deprived of gas when he wants it, and made to consume it when it is worse than useless.

There is probably little real excuse for this state of things. The price of gas in Philadelphia is said to be about three times that of a far better article in London, and the London price is protested against as excessive by the people of that city. But in aristocratic Great Britain, we are told, "if a British gas consumer thinks that he is supplied with an article not as good as the law commands him to be supplied with, he can appeal to a sworn gas examiner to test the quality, and, if that is found to be below the standard fixed by law, the complainant may go to the nearest magistrate, submit the examiner's affidavit of the fact, and have the gas company fined $100 for each offence, payable without delay and without appeal."

But in this country—this "highly favored land"—gas, railroad and all other companies, by the liberal employment of money, have their own way with the makers of the laws. Our legislators forget that they are elected to protect the interests of the people, and act as if they were elected mainly to promote their own. If they can fill their pockets during the session, the height of their ambition seems to be attained.

The Gas Company of this city is a branch of the city government, but that is no reason why it should not furnish us with good gas, and plenty of it, at a uniform pressure. If the present managers are not able to do this, it would only be modest and sensible in them to resign their offices, and allow others to be appointed who believe they can. We think the patience of a good many very patient people is becoming exhausted; and as patience seems not able to work a change for the better, we advise all who suffer to give vent to a reasonable degree of impatience and wrath. Even if no improvement in the gas be worked in this way, a moderate degree of pleasure will doubtless be experienced by the consumer, as he relieves his mind in such forcible and energetic language as the occasion would seem to demand.

Signification of Colors.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Red.

The Divine Language of red is Love. In His unity, God created the universe. As the Son of God, He revealed Himself to men. As the Holy Spirit, He regenerates them by Love.

The Holy Spirit is God manifesting Himself to the heart, and enlightening the believers; it is Love proceeding from the Creator—the baptism of fire and the spirit of love and of truth.

In the book of Genesis we find "Jehovah God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of lives; and man became a living soul." The "breath of lives" is divine love, and divine truth, or faith. Thus man was created by the Holy Spirit, or by love and truth; humanity is the receptacle of divine love, and its Hebrew name signifies red—*Adam*.

In the Bible, wind, air, ether, and their color, blue, are the symbols of the spirit of truth. Fire and its color, red, represent the divine love. Therefore, M. Portal tells us, red and blue are the symbols of the Holy Spirit—a perfect combination of love and truth. When the Holy Spirit descended upon the apostles* "there came suddenly a sound from heaven, as of a rambling, mighty wind, and it filled the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and sat upon each of them."

Red and White—divine Love—divine Purity and Truth. These two colors as symbols of the Deity, become dearer to us than all others.

Sacred Language.—When sacrifices were first instituted, they were symbols of the love of man towards his Creator, and were offered on the fire of altars as a proof of that love.

Fire, as a symbol of regeneration and purification of the soul, explains the custom of burning dead bodies, the barbarous custom of the Hindoos which compels their widows to throw themselves into the flames; and the fanaticism of the Gymnosophists, who, according to Strabo, condemned themselves to this punishment in order to obtain entrance into heaven.

In China, the color red is consecrated to religious purposes. The mourning worn by children is a kind of sack made of hemp and of bright red color. Love had always infancy and the color red for its symbols. Cupid is an infant; celestial love is represented in Christian symbolism by infant angels. Love cannot be felt, except by pure and innocent souls. The Saviour declared that the kingdom of heaven belonged to those who resemble little children.

Red costumes are assigned to all the divinities, to express the attribute of Love in the signification of colors.

God appeared to Moses in a burning bush; a column of fire conducted the Israelites in the desert; the Eternal, surrounded with fire, and accompanied with thunder and lightning, descended upon Mount Sinai, which burned as a furnace.† "The throne of God," says the prophet Daniel, "was like the fiery flame, and His wheels are burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth before Him."

In Egypt, the color red was consecrated to good genii, as, at a later period, the Greek Jupiter was denominated *Zeus*, life, heat, fire, and was, according to Winkleman, clothed in red.

Plutarch says that red belonged to all the divinities, and on their fete days their statues were colored red, as were, also, the worshippers' cheeks. Does it not appear, then, that Love is the foundation of all worship?

Among the Arabs, as among Christians, red was the symbol of devotion, and of man's love for his Creator. Mahomet wore red robes on Fridays, and at the festivals of Biaram.

Precious stones, like the clothing of priests, afford a number of examples. The ruby, among the ancients, was the popular emblem of goodness; if it changed color it was an unlucky omen. But it recovered its proper tint when the event passed. It banished sadness, restrained evil passions, resisted poison; was a preventative against the plague, and dispelled all wicked thoughts—in all of which we recognize the materialization of the symbol of Divine Love.

Its Profane Language.—In the popular language of every nation, red, the color of blood, has been the emblem of conflict. In Peru, the quipus tinted red distinguished their men of war.

* Acts of the Apostles, ii: 2, 3.
† Exodus, xix: 16, 18.

The Spartans were buried in red shrouds, this color being properly adopted on funeral occasions by a nation which subsisted by war, and acknowledged no other virtue than that of military prowess. The God Mars had this color for an attribute—the God of War.

Diogenes called red the color of virtue because of the rising of blushes in moments of shame and confusion. H. Z. S.

TO CONSTANCE.

BY MRS. H. A. HEYDON.

Dear Constance! many a winter's snow
Has fallen on your weary way,
Since mid December's chill and gloom
Was ushered in your natal day.

No hum of bees, no song of birds,
No fragrance from the lily's leaves;
Nay, even Autumn's glories waned—
Long gathered were the latest sheaves.

No far-off arch of Summer's sky
Bent warm with June's delicious blue,
But the low, dark December clouds,
Their chilling welcomes gave to you.

Fit emblems were the time and place
Of the path marked for you to tread;
December's snow beneath your feet,—
December's sky above your head.

But you have climbed life's morning hill,
Have passed the level table land;
Now, looking toward the setting sun,
The path winds downward where you stand.

To some the downward path looks dark;
They see it end in Jordan's wave;
But you (thank God) can see a light
Shine goldenly beyond the grave.

Can see the beckoning angel hands
Beyond the valley dark and dim;
At times your spirit ear can catch
Notes of the everlasting hymn.

There may be here no light for you,
No single hope that will not fail,
No song beginning on your lips
But ending in a funeral wail.

But still the last DARK DAY WILL COME,
Will set behind the western skies,
And the long, calm, unbroken sleep,
At length will fold your weary eyes.

Oh! when a last December's snow
Falls harmless on your earth-veiled breast,
God grant that you may find in heaven
A June of everlasting rest.

—*Home Magazine.*

An Incident of Davidson's Raid.

A "friend" sends the New Orleans Era the following amusing incident of General Davidson's late raid through rebeldom:—"During the late raid, which left Baton Rouge under General Davidson, the 2nd Illinois Cavalry, commanded by the Lieutenant-Colonel, was ordered to precede the main body into Franklinton. About two miles west of the town there is a road coming into the Tangipaho road from the south, and just as the regiment reached the junction there was a wedding-party coming into the road from the south. The party consisted of the bride and groom, four officers and soldiers of the rebel army, and five ladies. Seeing the 'graybacks,' the colonel of the 2nd ordered them to halt, upon which the party turned to run, when the colonel commanded the advance of his regiment to fire and give chase. When the firing began the ladies placed themselves between the contending parties, and the Illinoisans, being too gallant to fire upon the ladies, had no alternative but to run the rebs down. The chase lasted for two miles, and resulted in the capture of the entire party except the bride. She straightened herself in the saddle, put whip to her horse, and outran the squadron. When the party was brought into the town the commanding officer offered the bridegroom to wait for him to send for the bride and finish the wedding, if he desired, but the offer was very politely declined."

☞ The Emperor of Morocco has just erected a lighthouse at the extremity of Cape Spartel, in the Straits of Gibraltar. This is the first construction of the kind in that country, no sovereign having before ventured to place beacons on the coast from a fear of offending the neighboring population, who subsist by pillaging shipwrecked vessels.

☞ A man in Detroit, named Peter Alvard, was lately sent to the house of correction for habitual drunkenness. During the progress of the trial the defendant's counsel, who made every effort to have his client acquitted, called a witness on the stand, who wore a huge pair of spectacles and a carefully adjusted wig. This witness testified, in answer to the inquiry of the lawyer, that he had known the defendant for thirty years; had frequently been in his company, but had never seen him intoxicated. This would doubtless have been treated as perjury but for the fact that the witness referred to was—blind.

☞ The Civil Tribunal of Lyons, has just given judgment in a suit of a most extraordinary kind. A. M. B——— commenced proceedings against his son's widow, who has recently remarried, to recover the body of his son, interred in the tomb of his wife's family. The tribunal rejected the demand, on the ground that the survivor of a married couple has a legal right to select a place of interment for his or her deceased consort, and that this right can only be set aside for serious reasons, which did not exist in the present case.

☞ A capital satire on many criticisms of art is the following:—"'*Picture of a Peasant Girl Stirring the Fire.*' A rare specimen of rural simplicity. The figure is remarkably graceful, but *the poker is rather too stiff*. A curvilinear delineation from a right line of beauty would have given to this useful kitchen utensil a much more picturesque effect. Domenichino, Salvator Rosa, and Michael Angelo would have avoided this defect. The chiaroscuro of the tongs, in subdued shadow, is a wonderful effort of art. The shovel, on the contrary, lacks depth and buoyancy."

☞ Somebody in Biddeford, Maine, advertises in the Manchester Mirror, that he will issue tickets at $1 each, entitling the holder to draw him for a husband—the lot to be drawn on next Saint Valentine's Day. Now this may strike our readers as a very absurd Yankee scheme, yet we have no doubt that fools enough will invest in his raffle to make it a paying concern to the inventor.—*Exchange Paper.*

FRENCH GREENBACKS.

[The following article, from *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, is interesting as furnishing an account of the paper money of Revolutionary France. The Journal seems to hint at the possibility of the American Greenbacks depreciating to the same extent as the French assignats. We apprehend, however, no danger of this kind, because we believe that both Congress and the Executive Department have sternly set their faces against a further and unlimited issue of them.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

The present generation of untravelled Englishmen know little by experience of the important difference which exists between paper-money and coin. Our national credit has, on the whole, been good for a very long period, and although here and there banks have broken, and their paper has become depreciated, the disturbance of the public confidence which has ensued has seldom been more than temporary and local. Few can now say that they remember the time when they looked suspiciously at a five-pound Bank of England note, and gave themselves no rest until they had changed it into five golden sovereigns.

The tremendous struggle going on in America, however, is familiarising our minds with a distinction which, happily, we have not had to learn at our own cost. A new name has been added to the vocabulary of the money-market. Every reader of the newspapers knows that the Federal states are at present flooded with "greenbacks;" and all who know so much are aware of this also, that since these came to form the principal circulating medium in that country, the value of the paper-money has sunk to less than one-half of its nominal value in coin; that is to say, suppose a similar depreciation to exist here, we should have to pay a five-pound note for perhaps no more than forty shillings in silver. What will be the final issue of this financial disturbance, it would be very difficult to say, and it is not our purpose here to furnish any particular theory on the subject. But, in connection with the discussion of a problem which so many feel to be at once an interesting and an important one, our readers may be glad to have some information supplied to them regarding the origin and history of the famous ASSIGNATS—the French greenbacks, with which the leaders of the first Revolution fed their armies, and carried on the gigantic work which fell to their hands to perform. The times change, and we change with them; and there are many points in which the cases are not at all parallel. But we shall be surprised if the two stories, when they are both finished, do not throw some light upon each other; and, at any rate, what we have to tell will afford a solider basis than many at present have for their speculations about the future.

On the 17th of June, 1789, the deputies of the Tiers-etat retired from the States-general, which had assembled at Versailles in the beginning of the previous month, and, along with some of the clergy, who threw in their lot with them, constituted themselves into a National Assembly. This event may be said to mark the date when the old regime ceased, and the new order of things was inaugurated. There was still a king in France, but after this the unfortunate Louis reigned only in name. The Revolution was accomplished. The Democracy was master.

It was no easy task, however, which the sovereign people had thus taken into their own hands. Before that eventful year had closed, they found difficulties of every kind to deal with, and duties and responsibilities of every description to discharge. For one thing, the treasury was empty; and with the Court to be kept up, and the Paris populace to feed, and the business of the country to be carried on, it behoved them to find money somewhere. A new impost was of course the natural way of getting what they wanted, but the National Assembly, like the American Congress of our own times, exhibited a very decided disinclination to resort to further taxation. A simpler method of raising a revenue was suggested to them, and finally adopted. The illustrious example of Henry VIII. was followed. The church of France had vast territorial possessions; these, by a sweeping decree of the Assembly, were declared to belong to, and to be at the disposal of the state; and out of this mine of wealth, so lightly got, and so extensive, not only was enough procured to meet their present necessities, but those immense financial resources were obtained which upheld for a long period the schemes and enterprises of the Revolution.

Some ingenuity was required, however, to turn the new-found property to account. Ready money was wanted, and to get this the estates of the church had to be sold; but to have brought them all into the market at once would have been, of course, in the last degree impolitic, since their value would have been thereby sensibly affected. A device was therefore resorted to, which is said to have been first suggested by Bailly, the Mayor of Paris, and which, while it kept up the price of the land, put the administration in immediate possession of a new circulating medium. The property of the clergy was transferred in the mass to the various municipalities throughout the country; and by them the contiguous estates were sold in detail, and as purchasers offered. At first the municipal authorities had no money to pay for the possessions with which they were invested, and they gave bills at varying dates instead; but as the land was taken up, and the proceeds came into their hands, they became gradually possessed of funds, and thus able to meet the obligations which they had undertaken. These bills, then, which the government held, were of unquestionable value, and might have been paid away at any time as an equivalent for coin, but they were usually of large amount, and the state had many creditors to whom it owed smaller sums. To meet their case, therefore, and also to protect the municipalities against a too great or too early pressure, a subsidiary arrangement was entered into. The large bills were broken up, as it were, into a number of smaller promissory notes, and these receiving the name of *bons*, furnished the first notion of the assignat.

This expedient, however, gave only partial satisfaction and relief. When a creditor of the state got a *bon* paid over to him, he received what was capable of being exchanged for something of real value, but that something might be nothing else than land, and he might not choose to become the owner of that kind of property, or he might think the Revolution not so certainly accomplished as to be able to give him a secure title to it; or he might have conscientious scruples about laying his hand on the patrimony of the church, and in his hand the paper would be practically inconvertible. It was necessary, therefore, for the sake of such persons, and for other reasons, to advance a further step in the development of the scheme. The Assembly must give to the assignat the faculty of circulation. This, after some discussion, was done; and four hundred millions of what was now to all intents and purposes paper-money, were sent forth from the national treasury; the only difference between an assignat and an ordinary bank-note being this, that the former professed to carry interest along with it.

Of course, the clergy opposed themselves vehemently to this *plan* of increasing the revenue, and many were the arguments which were employed both by them and by their allies among the nobles, (who feared, and with some reason, that *their* turn would come next,) to induce the Assembly to abandon a scheme which was, they contended, not only irreligious and unprincipled, but financially unsound. The name of the great speculator, Law, for example, was brought up, and the memory of his bankruptcy revived. He had issued paper-obligations, which, after various fluctuations, had gone down to nothing, and the paper that was now to be thrown upon the country was sure, they contended, to run the same course. But the two cases were not parallel, and the inference, in consequence, unwarranted. The value of Law's paper-money depended entirely on the profits to be gained by the India Company, which might be *nil*; while that of the assignats was founded upon a territorial capital, real and easily convertible. Given the success of the Revolution, and an assurance that the acts of the National Assembly were authoritative, and the holder of a *bon* was as safe as if he held the equivalent in gold.

But the French government had learned a dangerous secret. It is so much easier to roll money off a printing-machine than to dig it out of a mine, or wring it out of a nation by taxes, that there must always be a temptation to follow the first method, if it can be safely put into operation at all; and in the course which was now followed, Paris, we may say, showed an example which Washington has been only too ready to follow. The time came soon enough when the national treasury required to be again replenished, and Mirabeau proposed the short and easy plan of issuing eight hundred or a thousand million more assignats. This motion was, of course, resisted by many; and among others, by Talleyrand, who delivered a remarkable speech in opposition to it. Those who remember the relief—the sense of positive fulness and wealth—which was experienced in America after the first creation of greenbacks, will not be surprised to hear that similar results followed in France. The four hundred millions which had been formerly sent out, had just been so much money added to the currency and apparent means of the country; and many being sensible of the ease which the issue had brought, were more than prepared for a repetition of the experiment. But the sagacious Talleyrand warned the Assembly against mistaking a factitious for a real prosperity, and predicted the course which the financial policy of Mirabeau would infallibly take.

"People," said he, "judge of this second issue by the success of the first; but they will not perceive that the wants of commerce, checked by the Revolution, naturally caused our first conventional issue to be received with avidity; and these wants were such that, in my opinion, this currency would have been adopted had it even not been forced. To ground an argument, however, on this first success, in favor of a second and more ample issue, is to expose ourselves to great dangers. The assignats will undoubtedly have characters of security which no paper-money ever had—none was ever created upon so valuable a pledge, clothed with so solid a security—but still it must be admitted that never will any national paper be upon a par with the metals, never will the supplementary sign of the first representative sign of wealth have the exact value of its model; the very title proves want, and want spreads alarm and distrust around it. Why will assignat money be always below specie? In the first place, because there will always be doubts of the exact application of its proportions between the mass of the assignats and that of the national property; because there will long be uncertainty respecting the consummation of the sales; because no conception can be formed by what time two thousand millions of assignats, representing nearly the value of the domains, will be extinguished; because money being put in competition with paper, both become a marketable commodity, and the more abundant any commodity is, the lower must be its price; because with money one will always be able to do without assignats, whilst it is impossible with assignats to do without money; and, fortunately, the absolute want of money will keep some specie in circulation, for it would be the greatest of all evils to be absolutely destitute of it."

Much more in the same strain did the sagacious politician say on the subject of the new currency. But the necessities of the government were such that it could listen at the time neither to threats nor remonstrances; and in the face of all Talleyrand's warnings and appeals, a new issue of eight hundred millions was ordered, with the new and important proviso, that the notes should no longer carry interest. This marked the second stage in the history, and having described these preliminary steps with some minuteness, we may glance more rapidly over what is to follow.

With a security so tangible as that of the assignats, it might have been expected that they would have maintained their nominal value for at least a considerable length of time. To the confiscated domains of the church was by and by added the property of the loyal emigrants, consisting not only of lands, but of houses and shares, with whatever movables, in the shape of furniture and jewels, they had been unable to carry along with them; and it cannot be doubted that if these had been sold at a reasonable rate, they would have brought more than enough to meet the expenses of the government during the first years of the Revolution. But notwithstanding this apparently favorable state of the public assets, the paper fell soon and rapidly.

One cause of this has already been indicated—*the inconvertibility of the security*: but other things concurred with that in accelerating the decline; for example, the people had no confidence that the assignats which had been made to serve their original purpose—which had been paid into the treasury in exchange for value received—would be withdrawn from circulation. In one case, a quantity was known to be re-issued, and as what was done once might be done twenty times, the act gave a cast of insincerity and untrustworthiness to the entire scheme. Besides, what was done by the authorities, with the design of checking the fall, had actually the effect of rendering it more swift. In August, 1793, a silver franc was worth six francs in assignats, and two consequences, of course, followed—coin was hoarded, and the price of every other species of commodity were raised. But instead of accepting these results as inevitable, the government, with that unhappy tendency to meddle which has always been characteristic of French rulers, attempted forcibly to mend the matter. A law was passed, making it punishable to exchange a certain quantity of gold or silver for a more considerable quantity of assignats; in other words, all were required, under a penalty, to regard the paper franc and the metal franc as equal in value; and when this failed to bring down the price of bread by raising the worth of the assignat, the artificial law of the *maximum* was enacted; that is to say, commodities were not allowed to find or make their own price in the market; the price was fixed for them, in each commune, by the municipal authorities; and the baker or the butcher who charged more than the legal sum for his pound of bread or meat, was liable to be taken up as an offender, and subjected to fine and imprisonment. These regulations were well meant, but, as might have been expected, they worse than failed to maintain the value of the paper-money. It could not but be felt that an article which required such extraordinary aids to keep it afloat, must have an inherent and irremediable tendency to sink, and the depreciation went on accordingly.

Under these circumstances, a state of things was brought about which in some respects strikingly resembled that which we have recently been witnessing in America. All debtors became naturally eager to pay off their incumbrances; and creditors, forced to accept what was due to them in greenbacks, got back no more than perhaps a sixth part of what they lent. Then large holders of assignats, knowing that such capital was perpetually melting away in their hands, made attempts in every direction to exchange them for something of inherent or less-varying value, and a factitious briskness was thus communicated to trade. These men would buy anything—pictures, furniture, bills of exchange on foreign countries, or shares in stocks, or banks, or companies, which last-mentioned species of property rose, in consequence of this demand, to previously unimaginable rates or quotations. They even scrambled for the possession of a kind of assignat which was supposed to be less subject to sink than its neighbors; this was the assignat of the first issue, which, because it dated from the days of royalty, and bore upon its face the king's image and superscription, was believed to be certain to retain its value even in the case of a counter-revolution. But the necessity of seeking such investments, led naturally to something other than the revival of what we may call legitimate commerce; there followed in the train, speculation of the wildest description. The heart of Paris became the Exchange; and such gambling in gold and silver, and other commodities, occurred there, as we can find a parallel to nowhere, except, perhaps in Wall street, New York.

The part of Nero fiddling over Rome in flames is reacted in every age; it was so in France during the revolutionary era. There, men grew rich on the misfortunes of their country, and drank deepest of the cup of pleasure when a defeat or some other calamity had filled the heart of the nation with grief; and so is it in America at the present hour. If we are to believe the accounts which reach us through the public press, the number of those who, in New York and Washington, have become suddenly rich, has never been greater, and at no period has there been, in those cities, so much gaiety and display and extravagance as has appeared of late among the contractors and speculators who have become millionaires through the national distress.

It must not, however, be supposed that the price of the assignat tended invariably downwards; on the contrary, it fluctuated just as the price of the greenback does now; and, indeed, at one time it recovered itself so remarkably, that for a very short period it was nearly on a par with specie. The causes of this extraordinary revival were these: in the first place, a forced loan was decreed, by which it was expected so much money would be realized as to allow the administration to withdraw as many as a thousand millions from the paper circulation, and anything that had a tendency to lessen the mass helped so far to enhance its intrinsic value. But what contributed more effectually than this to the end referred to, was the increased stringency with which the laws relating to hoarding were enforced. It was made penal to possess a private store of metals. If any one were discovered with a stock of the contraband commodity in his house, the treasure-trove was seized, and divided between the government and the informer. It thus became positively dangerous to have gold or silver; and hence a perfect rush was made to get rid of them. They were carried to the frontier, and paid away for foreign goods; they were taken to the public offices, and tendered as payment for taxes; they were even, in some cases, gladly exchanged for the assignat itself. In these ways, specie became for the moment actually abundant; and the result was, as we have said, that paper and coin approximated to each other in value, and were for a little while almost on a par.

But this did not last. The extraordinary demands made on the government for the public service necessitated the constant issue by it of fresh paper. It had twelve hundred thousand men to arm and pay, a *material* to create, and a navy to build; and the taxes did not produce more than a fifth of the monthly expenditure. In these circumstances, their only resource was the printing of new assignats; and when, in the beginning of 1794, the sum-total of all the previous issues was *doubled*, the note lost its temporary value, and fell back to its former depreciated condition. This, however, might have been borne, if the decline had stopped then; but it went on, and that with accelerated speed. The greenback became more and more worthless. Those who received stated incomes, paid not in coin but in its nominal value in paper, felt themselves growing more and more straitened in their circumstances. The distress, in fact, came to be well-nigh universal, and never had the inventive mind of France a more perplexing problem submitted to it than that how the obviously approaching financial crash was to be averted.

Our readers, who remember on what a solid basis the assignat issues rested, may feel inclined to ask why that basis was not turned to more account. How did it happen that the fifteen thousand millions at which the national real property was valued, came in so slowly? The simple answer is, that purchasers could not be found, owing, no doubt, in part to the scruples and suspicions which were entertained by some as to the propriety and security of the sales; but owing chiefly, there is no question, to this—that few in these times had the means to expend in such extensive investments. Still the people felt that they had wherewithal to meet their obligations, and the inquiry was often made, impatiently enough, if there was *no* way in which the public domains could be made available to relieve the general distress. In answer to this inquiry, various schemes were suggested. One was, to *demonetise* the assignats, or a portion of them; that is, to take from them the faculty of free circulation, and make them literally what they were theoretically, mere obligations upon land. But to this proposal it was well replied, that to attempt to carry out such a regulation in the case, for example, of a laboring-man, was to insure his starvation. He wants bread, and you give him a piece of earth. His family are in rags, but in place of furnishing him, in return for his work, with what will procure clothes, you make him in mockery a landed proprietor. As long as there was no other circulating medium than the assignat, an expedient like this was out of the question; and the simple rumor that it was in contemplation caused a heavy fall in the price of paper.

A far more feasible scheme than this was to make a virtue of necessity, and sell the domains, not for what they were worth, but for what they would bring. They had been valued in 1790, and it was certainly putting a great temptation in the way of the moneyed public to offer them, in 1795, for three times their then estimate value in assignats; and those who had anything to spare were not slow to take advantage of the opportunity. An estate rated at ten thousand in gold, and worth, therefore, sixty thousand in paper, was offered for thirty thousand in assignats, or for half its real value. Such a bargain was not likely to present itself again. Everybody who could scrape together a bundle of notes became ambitious of attaining to the dignity of a landholder; and if the administration had gone only through with the scheme, the country would certainly have experienced a sensible relief. But after launching the scheme, and receiving many offers, the authorities became suddenly alive to its supposed extravagance, and quashed all the proceedings which had been taken in connection with it.

This straightforward plan of meeting the difficulty being abandoned, all sorts of fanciful proposals were suggested and discussed. Some argued for lotteries, others for a tontine, others still for a great land bank; while many urged the adoption of a certain article, of real value (such as gold or corn,) as a standard, and letting the assignat be treated as any other common article of merchandize. Nothing effectual, however, was really done, and the evil went on increasing. By the winter 1795—1796, the issue of assignats had extended to the enormous sum of forty-five thousand millions; but twenty thousand millions furnished, in actual value, scarcely one hundred millions, for *the assignats were not worth more than the two hundredth part of their nominal value.* The public now therefore refused to take them. They could pay for, and purchase nothing; and the radical step required to be taken of sweeping them entirely out of the way. This was done by creating a new species of paper-money, to which was given a different name. It does not appear very clearly how this was to mend matters satisfactorily; but here is the account of the revolution as it appears on the page of history.

"A paper was devised, which, by the name of *mandats*, was to represent a fixed value in land. Every domain was to be delivered, without sale by auction, and upon a mere *proces-verbal*, for a price in mandats equal to that of 1790. Mandats to the amount of two thousand four hundred millions were to be created; and domains to the like amount, according to the estimate of 1790, were to be immediately appropriated to them. Thus these mandats could not undergo any other variation than that of the domains themselves, since they represented a fixed quantity of them. It would not thence absolutely result that they should be on a par with money, for the domains were not worth so much as in 1790, but at any rate they must have the same value as the domains. It was resolved to employ part of these mandats to withdraw the assignats. *The plate of the assignats was broken upon the 30th of Pluviose;* forty-five thousand five hundred millions had been issued. By the different returns, either by means of loans or of arrears, the circulating quantity had been reduced to thirty-six thousand millions, and was soon to be further reduced to twenty-four thousand millions. These twenty-four thousand millions, reduced to one-thirtieth, represented eight hundred millions; it was decreed that they should be exchanged for eight hundred millions in mandats, which was a liquidation of the assignat at one-twentieth of its nominal value."

Such is a short history of the first French greenback. It was based on what appeared to be excellent security, but within a very few years it had deteriorated in value so fearfully that in the end it was able to pay only eightpence in the pound; and yet, with all that, it served an important purpose. The monarchy was overturned, the Revolution was accomplished, all Europe was defied, on such means as it furnished. And one can fancy a loyal American saying, while he sadly studies this story, so full of significance for him: "Well, if in the meantime the sinews of war are but furnished in quantities sufficient to restore the Union, I care not although, in the end, a paper dollar should be reckoned dear when offered in exchange for a copper cent."

A SINGULAR CASE.—Mr. Wm. L. Hopkins, of South Baltimore, has for the past six months been suffering the most intense agony from pains in his breast. The most learned physicians have attended him, but could afford him no relief, they failing to discover the character of his disease. A few days since, while Mr. Hopkins was moving about his chamber, he felt a pricking sensation about his left thigh, and upon searching for the cause, he discovered the point of a pin sticking through the flesh. The pin was removed and found to be corroded. Mr. Hopkins, upon removing the stranger, remembered that about the time he was taken sick he had swallowed a pin while eating a fish ball.

☞ At Woodford Hollow, Vt., a man sued a cobbler to recover a pair of boots left there to be repaired, which were withheld till an old debt of seventy-five cents was paid, and the jury returned this verdict:—"We, the honorable jury, do decide that the plaintiff and defendant pay each one-half the cost, and the defendant return the boots, after taking off one of the tops!"

LATEST NEWS.

A Richmond paper of Friday contains an extract from a Mobile paper announcing that 4,000 Federal troops were at Franklin Mills, on Dog river, in an unassailable position.

General Sherman's main army are reported by the latest Charleston papers to be in the neighborhood of Hardeeville. A portion of the army has crossed New river on the way to Grahamsville.

Several boat expeditions from the U. S. barque Brazilian, on duty in St. Simon Sound, Georgia, have destroyed valuable salt works on Turtle river, liberated a number of negroes, and captured some prisoners.

Deserters from Fort Fisher report that that fort was about surrendering on the 25th ult., when attacked by Butler, and was only prevented from doing so by the retreat of our troops.

Gen. Grant's army railroad is busy day and night transporting vast supplies to the left of the line. So say the late Richmond papers.

Edward Everett died of apoplexy, at his residence in Boston, at half-past four o'clock on Sunday morning, the 15th inst., in the 70th year of his age.

☞ It is amusing to see how the Richmond papers whistle to keep up their courage. When Sherman was marching through Georgia, they declared that he wouldn't dare to attack Savannah, but would seek to escape to the sea coast as best he might. Now that he has captured that city they say its fall is of no consequence, it was never of any value to the rebels. And yet they took great pains to keep our fleet from reaching it. It is astonishing how soon the rebel possessions lose their value as soon as they come into our hands. We have no doubt that if General Grant should capture Richmond, with Jeff Davis and all his Cabinet, and the rebel Congress to boot, the rebel editors would all declare that the Confederacy had lost nothing of any consequence. And really we don't know but they would be half right!

☞ A letter from a rebel soldier to the "beloved of his soul," said to have been intercepted, contains some touching paragraphs. He says:—"My quarters in camp are passable but the quarters in my pocket are not. Last night I had a mud puddle for my pillow, and covered myself with a sheet of water. I long for more whiskey barrels and less gun barrels; more biscuits and less bullets. How I wish you were here. The farther away I get from you the better I like you."

☞ The Puritans urged a queer objection against potatoes—they denied the lawfulness of eating them because they are not mentioned in the Bible.

☞ Mr. Jefferson Davis is awfully cut up by the rebel journals, which is good evidence of the secession cause being in a bad way; for if it were prospering, he would be popular, and not a newspaper in Secessia would dare to say a word against him. The unsuccessful are always wrong.

☞ During the recent cold snap, a man living in a block at Hartford, shut off the water of the block so that it should not freeze up in the pipes, and in the morning found that one of his neighbors had been up all night trying to thaw out the pipes.

☞ The beggars in Richmond do not ask for pennies. Their petition is put thus:—"Will you give me five dollars to buy a loaf of bread?"

☞ One of the latest inventions is a spoon with a cover, for the special use of those who wear the moustache.

☞ SCHOOL-BOOKS.—The New York Journal of Commerce asserts that more money has been made by the authors of school-books within the last twenty five years than by all the novelists in England and America combined, and perhaps by all other book-makers in addition.

☞ The English Army and Navy Gazette has been informed that the action between the Alabama and the Kearsarge made a deep impression upon the mind of the Emperor Napoleon, and convinced him that rifled guns of comparatively small bore were no match for heavy Dahlgren and Rodman guns, mounted in vessels of the Kearsarge class. In consequence, the manufacture of six-ton steel rifled guns was delayed, and a number of heavy, muzzle-loading guns have been ordered.

☞ THE POPULAR VOTE.—Lincoln received for President 2,202,510 votes; McClellan, 1,792,-648—Lincoln's majority, 409,365.

☞ A California editor has been presented with a *sack* of potatoes, containing three only, each weighing twenty pounds!

☞ That Springfield (Mass.) is a progressive city can no longer be doubted. The Republican says that members of the weaker sex perambulate the streets evenings with cigars in their mouths and canes in their hands; and a gaily attired young man appears and is recognized by many as a wearer of crinoline in the day time. Young gentlemen are getting timid, and find it necessary to go in squads to protect themselves.

☞ Sala says, "In all seriousness and sincerity, I render to the young ladies of America the tribute of being the most accomplished talkers in the world. Their readiness of diction, the facile flow of ideas, their quickness of apprehension, are really and truly astonishing."

☞ Mrs. Shoddee complains of the coldness of the old aristocracy. She sees no reason why the cream of society should be ice-cream.

☞ The New York Times says, "it is safer to take a stroll on the picket line of the James than to walk alone through the streets of New York after nightfall." The Police Commissioners of the same city, in their last annual report, say:—"In no city of the civilized world, not the theatre of actual war, is human life so lightly prized and subjected to as great hazards from violence as in New York and Brooklyn." So it would seem, from the statements of its own journals and officials, that New York is a pretty hard place to live in.

☞ At the dinner given to the Boston Independent Cadets, on Wednesday, among the toasts given was one complimentary to Admiral Stringham, who replied briefly to the compliment, and gave a sentiment in Cochituate water, saying that, since being in the Navy, for more than thirty years, he had drank no wine.

☞ The King of the Sandwich Islands has decided upon the Episcopal as his established religion.

☞ Gen. Sherman positively refuses to grant any furloughs to either officers or men of his army.

☞ One of the chaplains in our army, of the Episcopal church, is a lineal descendant of Martin Luther.

THE LONELY HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUGUST BELL.

In a quiet quaint old city
There dwelt a lonely heart,
A heart of youth, of fire and truth,
Of lofty dreams in which forsooth
The city had small part.

Down through the busy market
His feet would sometimes stray,
Where peasant girls with vine-clad curls
Stood bartering with the city churls,—
He glanced, but would not stay.

Or in the holy chancel
Of old cathedral dim,
It seemed in vain through gorgeous stain
Of pictured emblems on each pane,
That old saints frowned at him!

The forest could not keep him,
Nor yet the wave-worn shore;—
At pale moonlight, at stormy night,
At homes where warm hearth-fires burned bright,
He glanced, but nothing more.

Up where a moss-grown turret
Reached gray and grave above
The happy trees that wooed each breeze,
He lived, dreamed, wrought, apart from these,
With not a friend to love!

Years fled with all their changes,
And in that quaint old town
At last some sought in every spot
For that lone man, and found him not,—
The restless heart had flown.

Dead, doubtless in the turret,
Unburied and alone!
Priest, people, mayor, all gathered there,
White faces shuddering up the stair
With glances backward thrown.

At last in that still chamber
There stood the curious crowd;—
No horrid sight, no dead to fright!
They looked to left, they looked to right,
And not one spake aloud.

Upon the walls, O, wonder!
What glowing visions spread.
A child's pure face, with merry grace,
Made weeping mothers love the place,
Remembering darlings dead.

And there the busy market,
With flowers and fruit piled high,
Where peasant girls with vine-clad curls
Stood bartering with the city churls,—
It startled every eye.

The old cathedral's windows
With every rich warm hue,
Seemed to present some grand thought meant,
And here and there smiled some fair saint
Or some winged face peered through.

And o'er the holy infant
Our Lady bent her head;—
So pure, so sweet, was she to see,
The priest perforce dropped on his knee,
And half an Avé said.

There stretched the deep dark forest,
And there the broad blue sea,
Where cold waves reach the lone white beach
They seemed to moan too sad for speech,
If one paused silently.

Just over in a corner
The mayor laughed outright,—
In wig and gown, with pompous frown,
He from a frame looked sidewise down,—
It was a comic sight!

But O, for home, and O, for love!
This wondrous painter, he
Who dwelt apart, had yet a heart,
And here it used such sad sweet art,
You would have wept to see.

For here the maid he never wooed,
The wife he never met,
Smiled in her place with tender grace
Down at a little baby face,
But *his* was nearer yet!

None know what fruitless dreams erewhile
Had thrilled the painter's heart,
What grief they cost, how sadly lost,
On what wild waves his life-barque tossed,
While thus he dwelt apart.

But every charm of earth or sky,
Of woodland or of river,
His soul had caught, its secret sought,
And here with rarest fancies wrought
To gladden men forever!

Out through the ancient turret-door
The silent people came,—
O, proud are they unto this day
Of that lone man who built for aye
The quaint old city's fame.

But if he died, or if he went
Out in the world to dwell,
O'er seas afloat, to lands remote,
And whether bards his name e'er wrote,
No one could ever tell!

THE ASHBERRYS' UNCLE

The Ashberrys were a successful family. We all thought so in the little town of Penzance, where their grandfather had come from some place north, and settled many a year before my time. He was the first root of them, as far as I know, and his children were a dozen strong, all married and settled, with families and businesses of their own. They were so many, people said the Ashberrys had got all the trades among them: grocers and tailors, drapers and builders, stationers, fishmongers, and I don't remember what else they were; but every one was driving on and up, enlarging shops, increasing business, and extending connections, till "getting on like the Ashberrys" became a sort of proverb in Penzance. They were qualified for getting on, and I suppose they deserved it. The Ashberrys were, every one, that sort of people that begin with twopence halfpenny and die aldermen. If a penny could be turned in any direction, they were the people to turn it. If an advantage could be got—mind, I mean in an honest, lawful way—they were the people to take it. Economical houses, well-stocked shops, punctual attendance on business, regularly paid accounts, and safe speculations; in short, industry, prudence, and a keen eye to the main chance, made the Ashberrys what they were, and would likely take them to the top of the tree. Such families are the bone and sinew of every thriving country that gets rich by work and trade; but there are faults attendant on the character, and the Ashberrys had their full share of them. They were so worldly-wise that nothing but getting and keeping had any interest for them; less prosperous people had tales of over-reaching which law and justice could not reach; their workmen and dependants had grievances, in the shape of stinted wages and lengthened hours, which could not be published with safety, but were often discussed in private; and it was generally allowed that what the apostle calls "the root of all evil" had sent its fibres deep and far into the hearts of the Ashburrys. As with the love of money generally comes the pride of it, they had their share of that too. The town charities were believed to profit by the fact: giving in secret was a business of which nobody accused them; every rise in funds, or in prospects, was made the very best of, and more; and as they increased in grandeur there were goings to the sea-side, magnificent appearances in public, and parties given twice a year or so, which made old folks remember the time their grandfather sold herrings and pilchards from door to door.

It is a rare flock that has not one stray or ill-doing sheep, and there was one among the Ashberrys: Uncle Sampson he was called, when they did speak of him, which was as seldom as the honest people could, for Uncle Sampson was the disgrace, that is to say, the poor man of the family. I do not know that he ever went astray, in the common acceptation of that term: strong drink had no uncommon attractions for him, and the one weakness which brought such ill fate to his mighty namesake of old did not trouble Uncle Sampson's days or keep his purse empty. Yet empty it was, or nearly so, from his youth up. Whether it was that he was naturally deficient in the worldly wisdom so liberally bestowed on all the Ashberrys, or that fortune had selected him as scapegoat for the entire race and name, we all knew that Uncle Sampson had tried a thousand ways of getting forward, but never one with success. Failure and disappointment met him at every turn. If he tried business, something was sure to go wrong in the neighborhood and send him out of it. If he got a situation, his employer would die, or become bankrupt. In short, bad luck attended the man, without any sufficient cause that one could see; for he was an honest, sober, industrious creature, with little pushing and less upsetting power, which probably helped to keep him in the background, and more good-humor, patience, and kindliness than all the rest of the Ashberrys put together. Uncle Sampson had married in his day: I never knew an unlucky man that did not. His wife had been an honest, good-natured, hard-working being like himself. They had lived in great harmony, but their wedded life was short, for she died early, leaving him two sons, who turned out regular Ashberrys of the true on-getting type, and had by no means a high opinion of their father. The death of his wife, and the failure of one of his many shops, which happened about the same time, had made him give up housekeeping while the boys were yet young, and his brothers and sisters kept them, in a manner, from house to house, till, after looking for situations till he was tired and desperate, Sampson went on board a herring-smack bound for London, could get nothing to do there, and at last turned sailor, going out and coming in with merchant-ships to and from all quarters of the world; sometimes trying little speculations by favor of captains and stewards—for Sampson was popular wherever he went—but never finding one of them successful; occasionally getting shipwrecked, getting robbed, getting into accidents, and stealing back to see his boys, or ask for help sometimes at the most private of the Ashberrys' back doors.

Things had gone in that fashion with Uncle Sampson for more than twenty years. His sons had grown up, got on, and married. The one was a well-to-do tailor; the other kept a draper's shop of some repute and size. I believe the Ashberrys thought they had a right to their constant gratitude for putting them in ways of getting their own living; and the young men had an equally strong conviction that their uncles and cousins had got every penny they advanced out of them. There was no love lost on either side; they were too busy and too prudent people to quarrel openly, but the whole town knew what they, and their respective wives in particular, had to say of each other; yet on one point the Ashberry tribe, young and old, married and single, were unanimous, and that was in being ashamed and tired of Uncle Sampson. The poor man sneaked to the back doors of his own children, as he did to those of his brothers and nephews. He got lectured from them, every one, in the down-stair rooms; they gave him as little else as they could with any conscience; and nobody was ever allowed to know of his being in Penzance if they could help it—a fact of which spiteful neighbors, who wanted to take the Ashberrys down, were apt to avail themselves, by watching for, and making public mention of, Uncle Sampson's appearance. The lectures increased, and the help diminished in consequence. The Ashberrys were sure it was all his own fault; he was a scapegrace, a black sheep, a never-do-well, and he should not be encouraged to come about respectable families.

Uncle Sampson had come and gone, it was supposed for the last time, one winter about Christmas. The season was unusually cold and stormy. The old man had been shaken by an attack of yellow fever at Barbadoes, had lost part of his wages and got out of employment by a dispute between the owners and the ship going into Chancery, and he was particularly willing to stop and rest in some quiet corner among his old friends and kinsfolk on shore. But none of the prudent Ashberrys would hear of such a thing: they all had their own families to keep, their respectability to maintain, and their censorious neighbors to keep out of news. He should go to London, he should go to sea, since he was fit for no better; a sober man could always get something to do. In short, they would not have him in Penzance; and under the lectures, the snubbing, and the grudgedly given help, the old man's patient spirit at length gave way: he turned from their doors with bitter words to sons and brothers, and vowed he would never come back except with money enough to buy them all out of house and home. That vow was registered at the "Pipe and Tankard," a small, quiet inn situated in Back Lane, and kept by an ancient but active and honest couple, who had entertained poor travellers there for nearly sixty years, and were reckoned among the oldest inhabitants of the town. The Floods had been acquainted with Sampson's father in the herring and pilchard days, and continued in the same friendship with his one unprosperous son. Sampson had not grown too rich and proud for their society: many a friendly chat, not to speak of more substantial comforts, had he shared with them. There were kindly welcomes at the "Pipe and Tankard," when children and kinsmen looked coldly on the returned, but still poor sailor, and could not have him in their respectable houses by reason of better company. There were delighted listeners to the rather lengthy yarns which, in common with all travellers, Sampson delighted to spin. His adventures on sea and shore had realized no money: they were, therefore, of no account in the ears and eyes of the Ashberrys; but the Floods were sufficiently astonished at them, ready to applaud the traveller's daring, to believe in all the importance he assumed. Sampson could do that as well as other men, though it was only permitted at the "Pipe and Tankard;" and, what was more, they believed, as the old man himself did—unlucky men have generally faith in extraordinary hauls—that he would one day come back rich and great, to the confusion of all his scorners and the lifting up of his faithful friends. So Sampson confided to them the woeful tale of his family's harshness. They had heard many of the kind, and sympathized with him: it was all the poor old people could do, besides giving him a night's lodging and a good breakfast before setting forth in search of another berth before the mast; and they also highly approved of and made public Sampson's determination not to come back without his fortune made. His friends and kindred naturally considered the resolution, provided it were kept, a sentence of perpetual banishment from Penzance. Nobody ever imagined that Sampson had any fortune to make, much less the Ashberrys, who were believed to be congratulating themselves on the probability of its being his final exit from the scene of their respectability.

Three years passed, and, much to the family's satisfaction, nothing was seen or heard of Uncle Sampson; but, about the close of the third, his eldest son, who was the reading man of the Ashberrys, found out from a London paper that the ship in which he had been known to sail had saved the valuable cargo of a French vessel, bound from Havre to New York, and driven on a sand-bank near the American coast, where it became a total wreck. Sampson's ship had saved the cargo and got a liberal salvage from the owners; but of course Sampson was not on board then: he could not be so much in the way of good luck. So his friends and so his kinsmen concluded; but in less than a month after the old people of the "Pipe and Tankard" had another tale to tell. Penzance, being a seafaring place, is largely frequented by sailors in and out of employment; and one of the latter who had been Sampson's messmate, was an acknowledged scapegrace, and owed the Ashberrys' despised uncle many a small kindness and many an unpaid loan, arrived one evening at the quiet inn with intelligence for the Floods, to be imparted only under the seven fold seal of secrecy, which was promised most readily by the old woman. After the consumption of two mugs of strong ale, a deal of head shaking and long-winded stories about treasure-troves hidden by old pirates in the American sand-banks, the believing couple were informed that Sampson was coming home, and would bring with him something to astonish the Ashberrys; his best friends might expect a profit by his will, for of course Sampson couldn't live forever, and spending what he had to bring home was out of the question. The Floods published that news also; it was said the old dame in particular could not go to bed comfortably till it was off her mind; but not a soul in all Penzance believed it till towards the end of the following week, when Sampson himself arrived by the London coach, dressed in a style nobody ever remembered to have seen him—it was not fine, but positively respectable—pulling out a long purse, through the network of which gold and notes were visible, and bringing with him, by way of luggage, a trunk of decent apparel and a large sea-chest bound with iron and secured with an immense padlock. "It will take three or four of you to bring that down," said the traveller, with a look of pride and importance unknown to his former days, as he stood in front of the coach office overseeing the efforts of two porters, who were vainly endeavoring to remove his ponderous chest from the overloaded mail. Before they and two additional hands could get it fairly under way to the "Pipe and Tankard," where Sampson announced his determination to put up, because the old folks had stood by him in his shabby time, the intelligence of the great arrival had spread through all Penzance. The most believing acquaintances hurried to the coach office to shake hands with Sampson and welcome him home; the less convincible, including all the Ashberrys, stayed in their shops and houses, and wondered if it could be true. But true it soon proved to be. Sampson's trunk and chest were deposited in the Floods' parlor. The porters were sure the latter could contain nothing but gold and silver, from its wondrous weight and the chinking sounds that came with every motion. A treasure-trove had been found in that sand-bank, and Sampson had got share, perhaps the whole of it; the sailor had insinuated that he was the discoverer. It was true the newspapers had said nothing about it, but the Penzance people knew that many a thing happened which was not in the newspapers. Uncle Sampson had vowed to come back with his fortune made, and he had done it; that was plain, from his own respectable attire, from the silver he distributed among the porters, from the superior entertainment ordered at the "Pipe and Tankard," and, above all, from the heavy and chinking chest. The Ashberrys now went to welcome home their uncle, not exactly in procession, but something very like it; for every branch of that wide spreading tree felt that its particular share of the chest was in danger. Sampson could not live for ever, as the sailor had remarked, and to spend what he had brought home was manifestly out of the question. Sons, brothers, nephews, nieces and nieces-in-law, not to speak of cousins beyond counting, hurried to the "Pipe and Tankard." "And why should their dear uncle stay there? couldn't he come to some of their houses, where he would have every comfort? they should all be delighted to have him among them, to do everything for him, and listen to his delightful adventures." His sons and their wives were particularly anxious on this point, and might have come to open war, as the ladies were mutually determined on keeping each other down; but Sampson put an end to the rising strife. "He was much obliged for their kind offers, but he would stay with his old friends the Floods. Thank Providence, he could now afford to pay at the best inn in England; but he didn't want finery, he wasn't used to the like, as they all knew, and at the 'Pipe and Tankard' he and his chest would stay till he got a house of his own."

The Ashberrys had therefore to be content with paying visits and sending presents, which, being numerous and well-to-do, they performed to some purpose. Old Mrs. Flood set her parlor apart for their special accommodation, receiving no inferior company during Sampson's sojourn; and the good woman declared that so many fat fowls, home-made cakes and pots of preserves had never come to the house within her memory. Of course Sampson got attentions from all sides, and far beyond the bounds of his kindred, wide as they were; all who could get up the smallest apology crowded to see the man so lucky at last. Cunning people tried to worm out of him the particulars of the treasure-trove, and the editors of local papers wanted to report it in full. But on that subject Sampson was resolute to keep close. "He didn't want to get trouble from America; one didn't know whose descendants might be living there; and little said was soon mended." "No doubt he has reasons for keeping quiet," thought the neighbors; but they soon discovered that Sampson, like all sailors, was eccentric; for not only did he stay at the humble inn, in spite of the kind solicitations and anxieties of his relatives, but insisted on taking for himself a small but comfortable cottage, which was then to be let hard by, in the same Back Lane, got it plainly furnished, and established in its front window a species of business, beginning with stationery and ending with fishing tackle.

"It will keep my hand out of an ill turn, and my head from running to gin, or worse," he said, when remonstrated with by his friends and relations, anxious for his respectability, and all the fairer portion determined on keeping house for him. "I can't get into genteel ways, being so long unused to them. I want to live beside my old friends, the Floods, and chat over old times. Where is the use in my spending money on finery and fashion? Looking at my chest pleases me better, and those that behave best to me will get the best share of its contents."

The Ashberrys settled down on the last of his declarations. Uncle Sampson was eccentric, and would never be genteel; but what of that? he was rich; everybody in Penzance knew it; and riches were always respectable, though the old man might choose to live in Back Lane and sell fish-hooks for his amusement. Moreover, the less that was spent out of the chest, there would be the more to divide or be scrambled for. Sampson could not live for ever; and every one exerted him or herself to secure the largest space in his testament. Such dutiful sons, such affectionate brothers, such model nephews, never were seen in Cornwall. Their kindness and care in all that concerned the old man, were exceeded only by the ladies of the family: nieces, sisters, and daughters-in-law vied with each other in looking after his comforts, and gave him daily accounts of each other's faults and misdoings. As for the Floods, the height to which their pride and grandeur rose was such as to bring upon them the animadversions of Back Lane and the disgust of some ancient customers, who did not like people blown up beyond reason; but the chink in the chest, and its weight the day she and her old man tried to move it, the sailor's story, and the private liberality of Uncle Sampson, made up all her losses to the dame; and, having lived so long, the ancient couple agreed that they had a very good chance of benefitting by his will.

Cared for, looked up to, and consulted on all the Ashberrys did or thought of doing, Uncle Sampson lived comfortably in, but not by his shop; his last business was not more successful than former attempts had been. Little boys came at times for hooks to catch sticklebacks and strings to fly kites with, but salt could never have been provided out of his sales, much less out of his profits. It was also thought by his most intimate friends, the Floods included, that long poverty had made Sampson turn somewhat of a miser over his great find. He certainly did not spend as people expected: the beer did not run in rivers, or the gin play in fountains about his house. The honest washerwoman who managed his domestic concerns averred that he looked at a shilling as long as most men before laying it out; but, thanks to the considerate care and forethought of the Ashberrys, his table never wanted a fowl, a cake, or a pie; and, widower though he was, no man's shirts were ever better supplied with buttons, or stockings more studiously darned. At all their houses Sampson was welcome as the flowers of May: indeed, the various families instituted festivals in his honor, kept his birthday and his home-coming as mirthful anniversaries, and sent gifts on these occasions which indeed rather embarrassed the ex-sailor. His sons played the most dutiful part, as became them; and it was partly requisite, for the more distant relatives were never done reminding Sampson of how ill John and Thomas had behaved to him; but, with his accustomed good-nature, which even prosperity could not banish, the old man bid them let by-gones be by-gones; John and Thomas were always his sons, though they once seemed to forget that he was their father, and, for his part, he was glad to see them in a better mind now. Yet neither John and Thomas, nor all the Ashberrys put together, could induce Sampson to open his chest, or give them one sight of the contents. They had all informed him how unsafe it was for an old man living alone in that outskirt of the town to keep so much wealth in his house, and volunteered to assist in depositing the money in the bank with which they dealt; but Sampson would hear of nothing of the kind. "He had got quite enough of banks in his time. Hadn't he lost two situations and three shops by their breaking? Had not the only savings he ever made gone with the "Equitable and Permanent Joint Stock Bank," that failed thirty years ago and cheated everybody? No; he would keep his property safe in his chest: he had trouble enough to get it, and Providence, who had preserved him through so many dangers by sea and land, would keep the thieves of Penzance from him and his." Attempts to borrow were equally unsuccessful. His sons demonstrated beyond a doubt that they could carry on a roaring trade and come to be members of Parliament if he would only advance them a few hundreds; his brothers and nephews had speculations of which they were equally sure; but vain were all their efforts after a loan, though backed by promises of enormous interest. "No," said Sampson, "I will neither lend nor borrow: neither of the two ever turned out well with me. You all got on very well when I had no chest: now that I have you can get on just as well without taking it into account at all. Let it stand there, locked and full as it is, till I am gone; then you can divide the contents among you according to my will, which you will find at the bottom of the chest, and I promise you there will be enough for all: in short, my dear children and friends, I don't believe that any of you can ever want money after getting your shares of that chestful."

With that answer the Ashberry's had to be content, for Sampson would give no other. They talked, they speculated, they dreamt, they quarrelled among themselves over the probable amount of the said chestful and their respective claims upon it; but the talk and speculations, dreams and quarrels, had to be kept from coming to Sampson's ears: rich and miserly old men were known to be touchy subjects, and every one had his own interests at stake. So Sampson lived on in his little cottage and sinecure of a shop, taking care of his chest: it was said he examined the lock every night, and dusted the lid every morning, having friendly chats and friendly glasses with the Floods, being well looked after, well supplied, and well entertained by the Ashberrys. But Sampson's life had been a hard one: and, though a good constitution kept him hale and active almost to the last, the man was not destined to see old age. About five years after his magnificent home-coming he caught something like a cold one winter; it fixed on his lungs, and he died of a rapid decline, watched over and attended by his sons and relations, and giving them good advice not to set their hearts on the things of the world, which they must have as well as he. Such counsels were of no account in view of the padlocked chest, which kept its place by Sampson's bed. The Ashberrys got through the time between death and funeral by sitting up to watch each other in the cottage. But at length their suspense was over: the old man was laid with becoming tokens of respect in his native churchyard: the family united in the business, and did it handsomely. They had ordered a tombstone, with all his virtues inscribed on it, and provided their mourning on a grand scale, before the chest was opened solemnly by the eldest son, to whom Sampson had committed the key as a last trust, and in presence of the gathered kin. When the lid was raised they saw first a piece of coarse canvas, then a shining heap which almost filled the chest. It was not composed of ancient gold and silver coin, however, but of coffin-plates of every variety and decoration, wreathed with *immortelles* surrounded by laurel leaves, some plated with silver, some gilt; very fine, very artistic things of the kind, in short: but down to the bottom they went, and nothing but coffin-plates, no coin, no jewels, and beneath the pile a large sheet of foolscap neatly folded and addressed in Sampson's own handwriting to his dear children and friends. The eldest son also read it, and they said he never cared for reading MS after, though Sampson's testament was not a lengthy paper.

"My dear friends and children," it said, "you have been kind and affectionate towards me ever since I came home with this chest. I give you many thanks, though I wish your kindness had sprung from a better motive; but, since it was so, I leave all I have among you; that is to say, the very little money left from my share of the salvage, which the French owners doubled to me because I saved the ship papers at the risk of my life, and also this chestful of coffin-plates, which I got out of the same wreck. They were fashionable ones, sent out from Paris to a great undertaker in New York, and I gathered them thinking to make a speculation; but afterwards I changed my mind and kept the chestful. A good chest it has been to me, and you will never miss what I got by it, though you would never have given it to my need. So I leave it all among you, with my blessing: it is the last of this world's goods that any man can want, and may keep you in mind to set your hearts less on them."

It never was known what the Ashberrys said or did in their first amazement, but there was no keeping the story of the chestful from Penzance: among so many it had come out, though only piecemeal. The townspeople got the complete tale at last: there was great laughter, great talk, and great triumph over the prosperous family whom nobody liked. As their hopes had been high, so was their disappointment deep: they recovered from it, however, sufficiently to go on with their industry, prudence, and gathering ways, and also to assure their neighbors that they knew it was all a *ruse*, and had expected nothing from the old man. They found listeners, of course, but no believers; and it has since become a proverb in Penzance, when great reports come from abroad of one who did not do well at home, to say, "He will come back rich, like the Ashberrys' uncle."

Interior of a Japanese House.

I enjoyed several opportunities of observing the internal economy of a Japanese house. A small square table, about a foot high, with an outer edge of an inch deep all round, standing on four legs, is a common article of furniture. Upon this are generally placed five or six small cups, containing pickles of bamboo, ginger, &c., with sauces of various kinds, all very palateable to many European tastes, as well as Japanese. The family, gathered and seated round this miniature table, not on chairs or benches, such luxuries being unknown and unappreciated, but on the mat which forms the floor carpet, are then served by a hard-working domestic, who seems a kind of maid-of-all-work, with rice in small cups, from a steaming cauldron. The olive-branches are generally squatted near, and, wherever we have seen the family meal, appear to have a propensity, probably heightened by a keenness of appetite, for dipping their fingers into the pan (which the servant holds in one hand while she ladles out the rice,) seldom meeting with any reproof. On one solitary occasion, however, the maid-of-all-work thought proper to show a little bit of authority. Placing the lid on the cauldron, she put it once more on the fire, and then led the refractory urchins to their mother, on whose back slumbered the last-born, a flat flabby-looking babe, supported by a long scarf slung across the left shoulder. Of course no spoons are made use of to serve the various little delicacies that may be spread out. The chopsticks, about half a size shorter than those used in China, dive in and out of the various little messes, bringing back the bit on which the owner has set his or her desire, whether a stew of chopped meat, the fish in the next dish, or any other choice morsel. They also eat a quantity of rice and fish. A particular kind of the latter they are fond of raw, and this they partake of with a vegetable like our radish, very finely scraped.—*A Lady's Visit to Manilla and Japan.*

☞ How to move a body of water—Go out in your garden and drag the pond from one end to the other.

THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.

I am watching, watching lonely
For the love whom I love only;
I am dreaming of our meeting,
Of my love's low whisper'd greeting.

Kisses prest on lips which tremble
With the love they can't dissemble;
Vows respoken, seal'd for ever,
Guarded close till death must sever.

Ties which here can ne'er be riven,
Like two ships when tempest driven;
Side by side we'll brave the weather,
Side by side go down together.

Wavelets bear my true love fleetly;
I am watching—murmur sweetly
Love's own song, thou midnight sea,
While thou bring'st him home to me.

VERY LONG AGO.

Listening in the twilight, very long ago,
To a sweet voice singing very soft and low.

Was the song a ballad of a lady bright
Saved from deadly peril by a gallant knight?

Or a song of battle, and a flying foe?
Nay, I have forgotten—'tis so long ago.

Scarcely half remembered, more than half forgot,
I can only tell you what the song was not.

Memory unfaithful has not kept that strain
Heard once in the twilight,—never heard again.

Every day brings twilight; but no twilight brings
To my ear that music on its quiet wings.

After autumn sunsets, in the dreaming light,
When long summer evenings deepen into night,

All that I am sure of, is that, long ago,
Some one sang at twilight very sweet and low.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

KATE GALTON MEANS SO KINDLY!

Kate had secured the bait! She knew that she had done so as soon as she saw that the girl's desire pointed to remaining with her, for she had fathomed that Theo was a pet daughter who could move her parents to consent to any plan. The sole difficulty now was to win her husband's consent to the retention of the cage in which the bait was to be placed. For rooms in Piccadilly let at their full value in 1851, and John Galton was a man who gave thought as to the disbursement of his cash.

It was not alone for the sake of luring Harold Ffrench into her net that the pretty spider with the nut-brown hair made use of the fresh young country fly. Mrs. Galton wanted an excuse, a fair and valid excuse with which neither man nor woman could quarrel, for remaining in London and enjoying herself as much as was seemly; therefore she converted herself into a chaperone and appealed to John Galton's good-heartedness on behalf of her interesting young friend.

"I have been to call on that pretty Miss Leigh this morning, John," she said to her husband while they were at dinner on the evening of the day on which Hope told a flattering tale to Theo. "Poor child! she looked so doleful at the idea of going back to Houghton so soon that I couldn't help asking her to come and stay with us here when her father goes back."

"When is he going back?"

"In five or six days."

"We shall not be long after him; in ten days at the latest I shall go back; I don't like leaving the place for longer: things get neglected when the master is away."

"John! that's awkward in the extreme: I have asked her, and she has accepted the invitation."

"Take her down to the Grange with you, then."

"She won't thank me for that alteration in the programme; really it's very awkward."

Mrs. Galton put down her knife and fork and rested her elbow on the table and her head on her hand in very weariness and vexation of spirit.

"Very awkward indeed," she repeated. "I forgot when I was talking to her that I had virtually done with London life. I remembered the days when I was a young girl myself, and I tried to show her the sort of kindness I used to appreciate most highly myself."

"It's impossible that I can stay more than ten days longer, Kate," John Galton said in a vexed tone.

"And it would be miserable without you," his wife replied calmly.

"It would be miserable for me, dear. But if you have set your heart on giving this young lady a treat, you shall stay—if you care to stay here without me."

"I shall renew a good many acquaintances, for Aunt Glaskill is in town—she may be very useful to my daughter when she is grown up," Mrs. Galton replied pensively, but promptly.

"Haversham will seem duller than ever to you after such a taste of your old life."

She opened her eyes with a little stare of inquiry and astonishment.

"Haversham dull to me?"

"There, I didn't mean to say it, Kate. I don't think that you find it dull, dear, and it would be confoundedly hard," he continued, defending her against himself as it were, "if you, who are not much more than a girl yourself, mightn't want a change sometimes: you shall stay here and enjoy yourself with Miss Theo Leigh, and as soon as I have set things going on the land, I'll come back to you."

He got up and kissed her as he said it, but I fear that the promise contained in his last sentence robbed her response of a little of its warmth.

"I haven't said much about my own connections heretofore, John," she said, virtuously, "but I often think that it is almost a pity that we should drift away from them altogether. Aunt Glaskill's countenance will be a good thing for Katy when she is grown up, and Aunt Glaskill won't be ill pleased at my taking a pretty girl like Theo Leigh to her house."

"Take her by all means and please Lady Glaskill, but my daughter won't want the countenance of an old paint-pot when she's grown up, thank God."

"Then you really think that I had better remain?"

"Certainly, if you wish to do so."

"Not unless you wish it too, John: I had rather be made downright rude to a dozen Miss Leighs than displease you."

"I would not have my wife rude to anybody; no, Kate, you have asked this young lady to stay with you, and you must not disappoint her. Katy and I will try to get on without you, but it will be dull work."

"As you will; of course, if you think it right that I should stay, I will do so; and, John?"

"Well, what is it now?"

"About a brougham? It won't do to risk Miss Leigh's evening dresses in common cabs, you know."

"Oh, won't it; well, dear, as I shall not be here, you can please yourself as to where you like to send when you want a carriage for the night."

"With a young lady on my hands—a young lady towards whom my fastidious cousin Harold inclines most kindly—I shall want a carriage for other things besides night-work."

"Do you think there is anything in that quarter with Ffrench, then? He denied it when I chaffed him."

"Of course he denied it, and you must *not* 'chaff him,' as you call it; how can I tell whether or not there is anything in it yet? That remains to be seen. I think that there is a very fair chance of Theo Leigh marrying if she is brought out properly; marrying well, even if she does not marry Harold, which is more than probable."

"It would be different if you had a town house and town connection, Kate. However, you mean it so kindly that I hope your plan will succeed, though I don't think much of it myself. You can't do much for a girl when you're living in lodgings and don't entertain."

"My friends can do a great deal for her. Lady Glaskill (I was under her auspices when I met *you*, remember, John,) is always very kind to aspirants in anything, and she sees a great many people. But about the brougham?"

"You must have it, I suppose."

"And will you see about it, dear?"

"Yes; a single one will do, won't it?"

"No, John, no; were I alone concerned I should infinitely prefer a single one, because—because I do infinitely prefer it; but supposing we are invited to any party at Richmond or Greenwich, and asked to give any one a lift home, my inability to do so might stop an offer. No, there must be room for a third in the brougham, and it must be very dark, and the horse I should like to be black or gray and a very high stepper. Of course you'll send up Rogers and Williams, so that I shall have my own liveries."

"Why, you're regularly going in for a town establishment, Kate; but you mean it so kindly, little woman, that you shall have your own way about it. I hope Ffrench won't disappoint you after all."

"I hope he will not," she said, dryly.

"Or the girl herself, for that matter. Is she a beauty?"

"No: too dark; but there is something attractive about her, something very attractive indeed; otherwise I shouldn't take all this trouble to cultivate Harold's possible fancy. I shall call on Lady Glaskill to-morrow and secure her co-operation."

"Is she bent on marrying Harold off also?"

"Oh, no; doesn't care for him a bit; believes him to be all bad, an utterly irreclaimable selfish man, who is rightly dealt with in being wifeless and homeless. She isn't his aunt, you know; she was my mother's sister, no relation to Harold at all."

"Where has your aunt pitched her tent this year? I didn't know she was in town."

"In Wilton Place; but we won't speak about it any more, for when I remember that you won't be with me, all the edge of the pleasure I should otherwise feel is taken off."

"I will run up as often as I can," John Galton said, heartily; "in fact, when I have set things going I may as well come up altogether."

Which promise of happiness struck Mrs. Galton speechless for a minute or two; but after a time her powers of eloquence returned, and she enlarged with a wifely interest on the short-comings of his farm-bailiff—a man whom she "never trusted farther than she could see," she said—and on the general and proverbial dishonesty and laziness of the Haversham laborers. It was an unfortunate topic to have chosen if she desired to have her husband's society in town. The upshot of it was, that he declared the fact to be "that they were not to be trusted, unless they knew they were liable to the inspection of the master every hour of the day; farming won't do itself, and of course I have more interest in seeing it well done than any one else. Ah! well, I shan't give them such another spell of their own way for some time to come."

It was a most unfortunate topic to have chosen, this one which had terminated in such a decision. And so Kate thought, it is to be hoped.

The days passed quickly, and the call was made on Lady Glaskill, and a rapturous consent to Theo's going to Mrs. Galton came up from Mrs. Leigh, and the brougham was placed at Mrs. Galton's absolute disposal; and the happy husband went home to superintend the ripening of his crops and other things appertaining to his occupation—and the young fly walked confidingly into the spider's net, which was in process of renovation, almost of reconstruction; and still Harold Ffrench kept out of the way.

The apartments which Mrs. Galton occupied in Piccadilly were situate opposite to the Green Park. They were spacious and lofty, as became their position in the world, but they were not all that seemed desirable to her: they were furnished after a grim and heavy fashion that was repulsive to her, although the furniture itself was good. The people to whom the house belonged, before letting it for the season and decamping for economic reasons, had carefully denuded their rooms of everything that could by any possibility be broken or easily carried away; and this precaution had imparted an air of rigidity and general dreariness to the rooms, which it now became Mrs. Galton's task to modify.

The task was one upon which she entered with an avidity which only a pretty woman desirous of worthily enshrining herself and rendering the casket deserving of so fair a jewel as she feels herself to be can experience. She resolved upon having a share in the glories that were going. She had always sighed for a fashionable life, and here was an opportunity of leading one, for a brief space at any rate. Old friends should be looked up and new ones formed through their means, and a lion or two caught and persuaded to roar in her rooms—all for Theo's sake, of course. The utmost triumph she could attain would be in a small way; but these were better than none at all, she told herself. Indeed her vanity led her to believe, that once seen and known and spoken about, but a very small effort would be necessary to make her rooms the resort of all that was most brilliant; it would be a second Gore House, and she rather an improvement on Lady Blessington by right of her youth.

If John Galton imagined the rooms in which he left his wife to be already furnished, it was a pity he could not have been shown the upholstery bill which was run up the day of his departure and learnt his mistake. "There is no extravagance in it," Kate said when her aunt, Lady Glaskill, reproached her with extravagance in a tone of jocularity. "There is no extravagance in it, for all these things will do for Haversham Grange by-and-by, when I am forced to go back; at all events you must acknowledge the things are very pretty."

They were that, undoubtedly. The rooms seemed to Theo when she saw them first to be such a combination of fragrance and beauty as she had believed existed only in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." There were hanging baskets of ferns and orchids, and creeping things innumerable, and vases of rare roses and pyramids of hot-house flowers of every hue, and sweeping curtains of green velvet and filmy muslin dividing one portion of the apartment from another, and seductive couches, and beauty-fraught statuettes, and a few pictures (all historical) very warm in coloring, and mirrors and tall pier-glasses on every side reflecting all these things.

"It was hardly worth while to get them up in this way for the short time you'll be allowed to stay, my dear," Lady Glaskill observed, when she had marked and approved of her niece's renovated web.

"I don't mean it to be for a short time; I have a plan in my head."

"You always had, if I remember, my dear, a good many plans in your head, and some of them came to nothing."

Lady Glaskill was one of those pleasant old ladies who never neglect an opportunity of saying a possibly disagreeable thing to another woman. She was a little old lady, slightly deformed, but she declared herself to have been a fairy, a sylph, an ethereal beauty in the days of her youth; and as no one could remember those days, she was never contradicted. She was an active, restless little woman even now, agile and kittenish and gushing, and full of false enthusiasm and sham brilliancy and fearfully high spirits; a ghastly old coquette who believed in herself and her love-winning properties long after every one who knew her had come to the conclusion that the only things real about her were her bones: for the skin was enamel and the color was paint, and the teeth and hair were constantly renewed and extremely variable, and the heart and sentiments were falser than everything else. She was a nice old lady!—a very nice old lady indeed was Lady Glaskill; and people frequented her house largely when she was in town, and only speculated as to whether she had really poisoned her husband for threatening to tell that he had been forced to marry her at the point of her papa's sword when she was away.

Lady Glaskill's hair was a great joke amongst her acquaintances; she was always imagining herself to be like some heroine of romance or history, and investing in new hair that might further the illusion. On one hot day in a long, long past year, she had fancied a resemblance in herself to Cleopatra, and forthwith she organized a Richmond party and went up the river in a boat under a flame-colored canopy with black locks streaming wildly around her, a sandalled foot in full view, and a fancy Egyptian garment of scanty proportion over her skinny little person, to the scandal of so much of the world as thronged the banks to look at Lady Glaskill's current folly. Shortly after this she had costumed as "Corinne," and crowned herself with a wreath of bays on the strength of having written a volume of very unmetrical poetry, which she read aloud with passion and emphasis at several of her evening parties. She had been robed to the chin, and she had been desperately *decolletee* in rapid succession for a longer series of years than one would care to enumerate. She had gained a name for foolish vanity beyond every one of her foolishly vain compeers; her name had been called in question, (mainly through her own vainglorious boasts,) and her stories had been refuted a thousand times. Yet still she kept her place in the world, and the denizens of it flocked around her tattered mud-bespattered old standard wheresoever she erected it, and called attention to the fact.

She was not a good, a worthy, or respected woman, but she was a popular and very well-known woman; and she struggled hard to remain this latter thing, and never faded away from any one's mind through lack of continually stirring that mind up with a hint of her existence. She had married Sir Archibald Glaskill by force, and fought her way into society like the enterprising woman she was, and she had held her place hardly but warily, and won for herself a name with which every one, who was any one at least, was acquainted. This was something all must allow, even if they do not rate the honor as highly as Lady Glaskill did; to her it was as the breath of her nostrils; and Kate Galton had been in the way of this breath passing over her very often when she was a girl.

But Lady Glaskill was a clever fool only, and Kate was something a trifle higher in the scale. The former told her eccentric, enthusiastic, purposeless lies only for the sake of being stared at and called "so very peculiar you know;" the latter told her better modulated ones for an end always. Kate liked to be stared at, but not to be stared at solely on account of her peculiarities. Her aunt, wizened, ruddled old Lady Glaskill, was happy and content in the assertion that every unmarried man she had ever met had loved and proposed to her. Lady Glaskill was happy and content with the mere assertion of these things. But Kate was not satisfied unless such things were. The shadow was enough for the voracious vanity of the old woman, but the substance alone sufficed for the not less voracious vanity of the younger one.

It was at Lady Glaskill's house in Wilton Place that Theo Leigh made her entrance into London society. Lady Glaskill had issued cards for a conversazione, and it promised to be brilliantly attended, for she audaciously asked, or caused her friends to ask, every one whose name sounded that year, and her audacity was well rewarded.

"That little girl you have taken up shall be noticeable, my dear, for I won't have too many other women," Lady Glaskill had said to her niece Mrs. Galton, with the rarest magnanimity, or rather with what would have sounded like the rarest magnanimity if her niece had not been fully aware of the fact that "too many women," were not wont to grace her aunt's reunions. So when Miss Leigh and her chaperone floated into the crowded rooms in Wilton Place, it was through a lane hedged almost entirely by men that Theo walked unconsciously to meet her fate.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SHADOW.

There was a man at Lady Glaskill's that night who had written a successful novel. No personality is intended; hundreds of men wrote novels that were successful or the reverse in 1851; and there was also a political martyr, and an African explorer, and a scientific man who had poisoned his wife by accident, and found himself the centre of attraction in the fashionable world ever since the catastrophe. Around these revolved the usual throng that one meets at such places. In their midst rose the fez of an Oriental ambassador, who had been inveigled into gracing the rooms for a few minutes.

The successful novelist and the scientific murderer faded into insignificance, and paled into nothing before the light of Osmanli Effendi, around whom all the women were crowding, basking unctuously in the oily refulgence of the smiles of the child of the sun, who was gazing calmly at their long English throats bared for the occasion, and thinking that not one of them was worthy to be compared with the least lovely of the lights of his far-off harem, and of how many pounds of Rahat La Koum it would take to improve their appearance.

The rooms were very full; people stood thick as ears of corn in a well-grown field, and the buzz confused Theo as she advanced up that aforesaid lane, hedged in by masculine humanity on either side, in the wake of her chaperone, who made straight, with the rush of an adept, towards her hostess. Mrs. Galton never faltered when she entered a room or undulated up and down like an elastic female figure in cork—she just floated on, cool, quiet, erect, and fair, towards her goal. But her advent always made a sensation.

She had the art of entering at the right moment. I do not know whether she lurked in the doorway until such time as those whose gaze would guide the rest began to yawn, and look as if they needed something new. But at all events, this was the juncture at which she almost invariably appeared, and this night she made no exception to her usual rule.

Her heart beat thickly at finding herself once more amidst scenes from which she had blindly gone at twenty to grace a country Grange. She was radiant in her white robes—in the thick sheeny silk and cloudy *tulle* that became her fair loveliness so well. She was marked as a married woman by the head-dress of downy plumes, fastened by a diamond aigrette, which she wore.

The girl, following in her wake, led the eye off from this beautiful woman very pleasingly, for Theo Leigh was all alight with excitement—excitement that was partly due to the novelty, but still more to the fact of Mrs. Galton's having imparted to her the probability "of their meeting Harold there." Now this probability had been alluded to by Mrs. Galton in what Mr. Leigh would have termed a "mincing manner," for she had spoken of it softly, and with one of the blushes she could call up at will. But Theo had marked neither manner nor blush in the joy consequent on this announcement. She was going to see him again!—to see him once more, and that was enough.

The hour of dressing had not been one of unmixed satisfaction to Theo, for Mrs. Galton was one of those sweet women who are specially skilful in the sticking in of small mental pins to another woman. She had left it till the day of the party to question Theo as to what she meant to wear. When Theo told her what, and "hoped it would do," Mrs. Galton did not exactly say that it was not fitting and proper, but she damned it with the faintest praise, and Theo felt uncomfortable.

Not that Mrs. Galton in reality disapproved of her young friend's choice of toilette, but it was a point of conscience with her never to let an opportunity pass of putting a sister out of conceit with her appearance, and she was rigorous in attending to the demands of her conscience on this point.

"It's very nice, but do you think it's becoming?" she had asked when Theo told her that she was going to wear pale blue net over white muslin skirts. When Theo said she "thought blue generally suited her," Mrs. Galton replied.

"Oh, if you think it does, it's all right," in a tone which implied that she (Mrs. Galton) did not think that it did become Theo by any means. Kate then went on to inquire about the wreath Theo designed to wear, and to opine that "forget-me-nots were pretty, but affectedly simple, didn't Theo think, as a rule; only becoming, in fact, to very fair women with little color."

However, Theo inducted herself into both dress and wreath perforce—she had none other to wear. As she caught a glimpse of herself in the pier-glass, she felt that if Mrs. John Galton were dissatisfied with her appearance, then was Mrs. John Galton a difficult woman to please. Theo had yet to learn that it is not invariably excess of affection which renders our friends hypercritical about us. "I will consult her beforehand another time, and get her to order my dress for me," the unsophisticated Miss Leigh thought, as she stepped into the carriage after her chaperone.

It was very exciting to her and very brilliant, she thought, this new scene in which she found herself, but it had not the power to absorb her sufficiently to make her forget the hope that had brightened her journey thither. Even as her hostess was introducing her to his Excellency, Theo's eyes wandered away in search of Harold Ffrench.

"Aunt Glaskill is making a terrible goose of herself to-night," Mrs. Galton whispered contemptuously to Theo after the expiration of a few minutes, during which Lady Glaskill had succeeded in attracting all attention to herself by being ecstatic about "the Orient," to the neglect and partial oblivion of her niece. When Lady Glaskill's follies led attention away from Kate, Kate was as intolerant to them as the wisest could desire. "She's boring that poor man insufferably," Mrs. Galton continued: "any one can see that he wants to talk to me; but Lady Glaskill does hold on so pertinaciously when she once gains a man's ear."

The fact was that the majority of those who stood within speaking range of Mrs. Galton were strangers to her; she would, therefore, have been condemned to a silence which it is always painful to maintain perforce in a gay throng of talkers and laughers. No wonder that she thought Lady Glaskill in a turban and ecstacies was making a goose of herself by engrossing that which Kate herself sighed for—the attention of the mightiest in the room.

The crowd broke up into portions, and readjusted itself presently, when the ices were brought in and handed round, and then Mrs. Galton found herself draughted on into the immediate circle of which the ineffably bored Oriental was the centre. The opportunity was one which she would not suffer to pass; mental molestation from her would, she rightly judged, be preferable to the same from her aunt, therefore she smiled and spoke with all the fascination of which she was mistress. To this his Mightiness listened with calm courtesy, and replied with solemn stupidity; but that he did listen and reply was enough for Mrs. Galton.

She entirely baffled all Lady Glaskill's innocent attempts to win him solely and wholly to herself again. The younger prettier woman had the will to take and the power to hold, and Lady Glaskill retired routed—ignominiously routed by one of her own allies. She was put out by her defeat for a brief time, but although an insatiably vain, she was a good-natured woman; therefore the sole revenge she took on her audacious niece was couched in these words, which she uttered in no very low tone when the Oriental vantage-ground that Kate had gained departed:

"Well, my dear, I'm sorry that you have so soon lost the opportunity of making yourself conspicuous; now, perhaps, you will be good enough to come here and let me introduce some of my particular friends to you. I suppose *you* are disappointed that it isn't a dance, you're looking so blank," she continued, turning sharply to Theo. "Never allow dancing in my house, my dear; wear out your tongues as much as you like, but not my carpets."

Which sally was rewarded by a brace of sycophants observing audibly that "Lady Glaskill was as astonishingly vivacious as ever," which remark caused Lady Glaskill to suppose that they were hoping to be invited to her next entertainment, and to decide that they should be disappointed. Flattery, if she fathomed it, was wont to receive mild punishment from her.

Amongst the particular friends whom Lady Glaskill specially selected to honor with an introduction to the handsome niece of whom she was slightly jealous, was the successful novelist, whose light had been put under a bushel while the Oriental remained. Mrs. Galton, whose object it was to make a party of her own before she quarrelled with her aunt, which past experience taught she was liable to do at any moment after a week's intercourse—Mrs. Galton, knowing this, made the man of letters her own adroitly in a very short time.

Not by praising his new novel; she was no such bungler as to seek her end by using such clumsy means. She did not open a heavy fire of her opinions respecting it upon him, reducing him to the verge of imbecility by declaring his book to be "so delightful," and herself "so much interested in it," and the heroine to be "a dear," and the end "delicious" or "dreadful," as the case might be. But she anatomised it; spoke of it as a whole as no one who did not know it thoroughly could speak, he told himself; judiciously extracted from him a statement of what he considered to be the finest passages, and then spoke with great feeling and sympathy of those very passages in a way that was more subtly flattering than any open praise would have been. Men, even successful novelists, are but mortal. Mr. Linley was not ill pleased to find that a work of his was deemed so profound by a woman who was "far from shallow," so he phrased it in his mind. Theo Leigh, standing by, wondered greatly that Mrs. Galton should so rashly venture upon the discussion of a book which she only knew through the medium of reviews, with its author, and still more whether this Linley was the one of whom her father had spoken—the man who had been a young Englishman in Greece contemporaneously with Harold Ffrench.

But speculation on any subject ceased to occupy her mind almost immediately, for a man made his way very quietly to her side and addressed her, and took her hand in his as though they had parted on the most ordinary terms. His coolness cooled her, and his steadiness steadied her, and though she was disappointed—wisely as she had resolved—at this casual acquaintance manner which Mr. Ffrench adopted towards her, she still could but feel glad that it so immediately reacted upon her own.

"I was very glad to hear from Mrs. Galton that you and she are going to enjoy yourselves together; it was the most sensible plan I ever knew her form. Is your father in town still?—how is he?"

"Papa is gone home—he is very well."

"What is the move?—oh! going down to supper; my experience of this sort of thing teaches me that it is well to go down at once if you want to get anything; the hindmost are overtaken by evil and hunger; shall we go down?"

He held his arm out for her to take as he spoke, and she placed her hand upon it, and would not suffer that hand to tremble. But she kept her face partially averted from him, and he marked that she did so.

"Theo!" he exclaimed suddenly, as they came to a compulsory pause on the staircase, "I am very glad to see you again."

"And I am glad to see you," she said frankly; and as she said it she made one of the many efforts to be brave and non-emotional that women situated in her position are compelled to make; she looked him in the face and met his gaze unflinchingly.

"Glad to see me? very quietly 'glad;' well, no matter, what can I expect but a very sober satisfaction to be yours at sight of me. You see many other people now. I ought to have known that I should probably merely bore you, yet I could not resist coming to meet you to-night."

"You know very well that you could never bore me; how can you be so unkind as to pretend to think it?" she cried. Then she was afraid that she had said too much, and said it too warmly, and her hand began to tremble on his arm.

"Theo," he whispered softly, "have you forgiven me?"

"I have nothing to forgive, Mr. Ffrench," she replied, proudly, for there was the same tender inflection in his voice that had been in it on that night when he had told his love for her, and won her to show hers in return. She remembered this, and the remembrance stung her.

"Nothing to forgive! I wish to Heaven you had not anything to forgive," he muttered. Then he went to get her a glass of wine; and Theo

marked him as he walked away, and thought what a grand gentleman he looked amongst them all, and how no young man in the room could compete with this one, who carried his forty years so gracefully.

"You have not been long with Kate?" he asked when he came back to her; and when she had said "No," he went on to ask her how long, and where had she been, and whom had she seen; he was very particular on this last point.

"This is my first party; I have been to the Academy several times."

"With whom?"

"Mrs. Galton."

"Without Galton?—had you no gentleman with you?"

"Mr. Galton is down at Haversham," Theo replied; she did not know that Harold Ffrench was very indifferent as to John Galton's whereabouts, and only anxious to learn whether they had been to the Academy unescorted, in order that he might find out if Kate were fulfilling her threat of introducing some desirable *parti* to Theo.

"It's not much use your going to the Academy with Mrs. Galton alone; she knows nothing at all about pictures; when I can speak to her I will make an appointment to accompany you there to-morrow—she appears to be very deeply interested just now," he continued with a laugh as Kate sailed into the supper-room on Mr. Linley's arm, and then (it was a supper that people took in a sketchy manner, standing up) posed herself against the wall, and continued to converse enthusiastically.

"I think she is very much interested in his book," Theo replied.

"What is his book about?"

"I don't know; ask Mrs. Galton, *she* knows, though she hasn't read it," Theo said, laughing; "it's a novel, and it's a success."

"What is his name?"

"Linley—I was wondering—"

"Oh! Linley—oh, ah! I have heard something about his novel; one of the reviews said that it was the work of 'a mighty mind accustomed to profound reflections,' and another that it was 'full of the clearly defined thoughts of a hard thinker,'—it struck me that it must be rather dull."

"But it's not dull at all; I should think, from what they were saying, that it must be very amusing; but I was going to say I was wondering whether he could be the same Mr. Linley who, papa says, was in Greece at the same time you where there; did you know him? do you remember him?"

It happened that as Theo asked this of Harold Ffrench, that Mrs. Galton and her cavalier were advancing towards them. The men were face to face, and were naturally looking directly at one another.

"I do not know him," Harold Ffrench replied to Theo's question in a tone loud enough, Theo thought, to reach the ears of the man who was spoken about. But the next instant Harold Ffrench did know him, for Mrs. Galton introduced her cousin to her new friend with effusion.

The supper-room was rather crowded now, consequently the drawing-room, to which the quadrilateral with whom my story has to do presently returned, was, comparatively deserted and free. When they regained it Kate began to tell Harold how that they had had a specimen of "the land of the east and the clime of the sun" there earlier in the evening, and to lament that he had not seen the same.

"And do you know he appeared to be very prosaic, not to say stupid and common-place, despite his turban and his wonderful costume," she continued.

Then the author, who did not appear to like the probability of lapsing into obscurity again, said that if she liked he would give them a specimen of eastern story-telling, and endeavor to bring the Orient more vividly before them than Osmanli Effendi had succeeded in doing.

"What? will you sit cross-legged on some cushions and tell us a story?" Kate asked; and Mr. Linley said, "Yes, if she pleased—a story with plenty of thrill in it," and forthwith deposited himself in the position she described and commenced;—

"It does not matter whether it was one, or ten, or forty years ago that two Franks, two Giaours, two infidels wandering about the streets of an eastern city, saw a face at the grating of a well-secured window that struck them both as being lovely as that of the young Haidee; the loveliest, in fact, that they had ever seen. Both men—they were Englishmen—thought that face beautiful as that of Venus herself can be, but the younger and warmer-natured man loved it on the instant.

"It will give a greater air of reality to my story, and save a confusion of ideas respecting which of the men I mean, if I give names both to them and to the place; you agree with me?" he continued, throwing a questioning glance around. "Any names will do; help me to some, Mrs. Galton, for I am in the novelist's usual difficulty; any names will do, my own for one (just to avoid confusion) and yours for the other."

"Thank you"—Harold Ffrench had been the one addressed, and Harold Ffrench was now the speaker—"but I had rather that you kept my name out of the story."

"As you will," Mr. Linley replied carelessly, "it was only to avoid confusion. Well, I will call them Stinton and Forbes then. The elder of the two," he went on rapidly, dashing into his story again with velocity, "the elder of the two men thought that face beautiful as that of Venus herself—the younger, warmer-natured man, loved it on the instant.

"I will say that the city was Constantinople; can you help me to a description of Constantinople—a photographic description, a description such as will bring the city itself before these ladies?" he asked, pulling himself up abruptly in his narrative, and addressing Harold Ffrench.

"I regret that I cannot assist you, for I never saw Constantinople," Harold replied, and Theo fancied that he looked annoyed at the attempt to draw him into this "drawing-room entertainment."

"You can't assist me?—good," the man of letters went on glibly. "Briefly, then, the tale of the mosques and minarets has been better told before, so I will spare you the recital; but the window of the house at which this face appeared must be described.

"It was a broad, high, thickly grated window, and from immediately beneath it projected a huge drawer. This drawer revolved, the two men discovered on a nearer inspection, and was used as a sort of bazaar. That is to say, the females of the house placed therein articles of their own handiwork; then spun the drawer round, and passers-by took these articles away, leaving money in exchange. Forbes, the younger man, had learnt the Turkish language; he could speak it well, and write it indifferently. But the other language that is familiar as their mother-tongue to the women of Stamboul—the language of flowers—he was an adept in. And soon single sprigs and deftly arranged bouquets were laid constantly in that revolving drawer, and the girl came oftener to the grating without her yashmak on.

"It was a brother and two sisters who dwelt in that house; the brother had been impoverished by the revolution, and the sisters' fate, despite the beauty of the elder one, was not ordained to be bright. She was to go to the seraglio of a small pacha, an old man against whom she revolted; the younger girl's fate was to be harder and more horrible still,—she was to be immured for life amongst other women whom no man would buy.

"Forbes was as handsome a fellow as the sun ever shone upon; a well-born, well-bred Englishman; and the Moslem girl with the glorious face soon owned him, not lord of her soul—for Moslem girls are not supposed to possess any, and Leila didn't presume to set herself up above her sisters—but of her heart. And then the solitary sprigs and well-arranged bouquets went on thicker than before. And finally Forbes told Stinton one day that he must assist in carrying Leila off.

"In the dead hour of the night Leila placed herself in the revolving drawer, which was then slowly turned round by the sister who was left, and whose sobs sounded mournfully in the ears of the two men who were rescuing the beauty. The drawer moved heavily and uneasily; in fact, the eastern houri was of rather substantial proportions, and though she shrank into a marvellously small space under the influence of fear, she was pulled through with difficulty, and not without slight detriment to her back, which got grazed in the passage even through the folds of muslin.

"He was a chivalrous young Englishman; the act was foolishly romantic, but foolish romance was the worst of his offences. The girl he had abduced he resolved to make his wife according to the laws of the church and land to which he belonged. So, with his friend Stinton—the lady still being closely veiled—Forbes took his Leila away without delay, and put her on board an English man-of-war, the chaplain of which married the Ottoman lady to the hope of an English house.

"The romance is generally over when the ring is on and the service read. In this case, though, the romance began at this juncture. I have said that Leila, now Mrs. Forbes, had remained closely veiled all the while, but now that she was his wife, and under the protection of the English flag, the ardent husband tore down the yashmak, and saw—not Leila, but her younger sister.

"She fell upon her knees, and he did not kill or curse her, as I think I should have done in the like case. He took her away to Europe, and did not hear what his friend Stinton, who remained in the city, learnt the following day—namely, that Leila, who had sacrificed her lover and herself to her selfish little sister—who, in addition to her other sins, was as ugly as selfish—that Leila expiated her offence against the heaven-born passion, love, in the dark blue waters of the Bosphorus."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ There has been a revival in London, or rather a development of the feeling against the Queen's persistent seclusion, of which the Times' editorial, on the third anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort, was but the expression. The malcontents are of two parties, one taking the milder ground of respect for and sympathy with the Queen's grief, coupled with the hope that she will see the imperative necessity of rousing herself, while the other boldly, not to say brutally, denies the sincerity of its protraction, pronouncing it "gammon." An amusing instance of this latter is told by a gentleman who visited Marlborough House, the residence of the Prince of Wales, just before the Danish marriage. The visitor was shown over the richly-furnished rooms by a talkative old lady, who spoke of her having recently performed the same office for Her Majesty—then but a one year's old widow. Inquiries about her manner and supposed general dejection were met by a flat contradiction from the elderly cicerone. "Bless you! the Queen's all right," asserted the old lady; "she felt it as a 'oman, of course, and why shouldn't she? but she's come round again by this time. *It's the set as she's got about her as puts her up to it!*"

☞ A good joke on the English antiquaries appears in the London Reader; it reminds one of Dickens's celebrated account of the discovery of "Bill Stumps, His Mark." When the British Association went to Stonehenge, last summer, their attention was attracted by certain marks on the under surface of the impost of the great central trilith, or what may be regarded as the keystone to the temple. They were not unlike a Roman V and I combined, and appeared to resemble either an astronomical symbol, or some ancient masons' marks. An animated discussion took place thereon. Professor Rawlinson denied that the marks could be anything but Roman; observing, however, that he should not think it necessary to conclude that Stonehenge was erected at times subsequent to the Roman invasion. The gentleman who lectured on Stonehenge "went in" for their remote antiquity. But very recently, there have appeared a rustic school-master, a bumpkin shepherd of Salisbury Plain, and a fellow-laborer, who distinctly assert that they were present when the marks were made—about 45 years ago.

☞ A celebrated physician, occupying a high official position in Massachusetts, says that since the beginning of the war there has been a remarkable decrease in cases of insanity among women, attributed by him to the various charitable and benevolent operations occasioned by the war, which have excited the sympathies and received the support of women.

☞ Mr. E. G. Squier, Commissioner to Peru, has returned home in excellent health, after an absence of two years. Subsequent to the successful termination of his mission, Mr. Squier travelled, through Bolivia and Upper Peru, over three thousand miles on horseback, visiting the ruins of the ancient palaces of the Incas, and has brought back with him much information, together with drawings and photographs of the interesting localities which he has visited.

☞ An old actor, Louis Kramer, has just died at Geneva in a singular way. He was playing "King Lear," and in his excitement swallowed a portion of his artificial beard, which stuck in his windpipe and choked him.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The publishers of this new Magazine, in entering upon the second year of its existence, beg leave to offer their thanks to the reading public for the support which they have so liberally extended to them. Very few Magazines have been able, in their second year, to boast of so large a circulation as that to which THE LADY'S FRIEND has now attained. Referring to the numbers already published as indicative of the character of our Magazine, we may briefly say that it will continue to be devoted to CHOICE LITERATURE and the ILLUSTRATION OF THE FASHIONS. It will contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies.

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A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers:—

We will give one of **WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines**—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $70.00
2. Thirty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, 85.00
3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, 100.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty Dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five Dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five Dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The Magazine will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their Magazines at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be partly composed of subscribers to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST if desired.

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Our terms are the same as those of that well-known weekly paper THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *eighteen* years—in order that the Clubs may be made up of the paper and the magazine conjointly when it is so desired—and are as follows:—

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,		$2,50
Two copies,	"	4,00
Four copies,	"	8,00
Eight copies	" and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty	" and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND *and one of* THE POST,		4,00

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us), twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazine.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

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☞ SPECIMEN COPIES will be sent to those desirous of getting up Clubs on the receipt of Fifteen Cents.

Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

☞ At a recent seance of the Davenport Brothers, in England, one of the audience, a gentleman named Draper, asked if he might be allowed to make a stab at the "spirit-hand," when it was projected from the "structure." Mr. Ferguson, amid a roar of laughter, emphatically refused permission. A few minutes afterwards, Mr. Draper asked that he might be allowed to try the effect of a revolver on the spiritual hand; but Mr. Ferguson again declined to accede to the request. Of course the audience drew their own conclusions from this incident.

☞ The tickets voted in California at the Presidential election, were decidedly of the pictorial order. The Democratic ticket bears the flag of the Union, which is nailed to the mast, and the Republican has upon the back a view of the battle between the Kearsarge and the Alabama, while the face has the U. S. coat-of-arms, and is almost as elaborately gotten up as a bank-note. Such tickets are not permitted here. The law requires plain tickets on white paper.

☞ At the recent donkey show in London, the prizes, nineteen cups, were all taken by one man. Not that he was the greatest donkey, but he stole the cups.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The publishers of THE POST would call the attention of their host of old friends and the public to their Prospectus for the coming year. THE POST still continues to maintain its proud position as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER,

and arrays weekly its solid and numerous columns of

CHOICE LITERATURE,

including STORIES, SKETCHES, POETRY, ESSAYS, ANECDOTES, and everything of an interesting character designed

TO INSTRUCT AND AMUSE.

A FAMILY OF CHILDREN who read a good literary paper weekly, can scarcely fail to become more cultivated and intelligent under its influence—their stock of general information, especially, will be greatly enlarged. That THE POST has exerted this beneficial influence in thousands of cases,

THOUSANDS OF ITS OLD PATRONS WILL TESTIFY.

Therefore

SUBSCRIBE TO THE POST,

and see if you do not note a gradual improvement in the minds and manners of your family. Its varied lessons on all subjects, cannot fail of being productive of more or less good.

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☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course the premium for getting up a Club may be either one or the other, as desired. Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

REMITTANCES should be made in United States notes. For all amounts over Five Dollars we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities, *payable to our order.*

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis.

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Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

ONE WORD WITH THEE.

One word with thee—one sweet, yet mournful meeting,
If but to catch again thy low, soft tone,
And clasp thy hand, and feel its warm pulse beating
With love's delicious throb against my own!
If but to catch thine eye, and hear thee say
I will remember thee when far away.

One word with thee—though not of hope or gladness;
On which to muse when we are far apart;
A whisper breathed in silence and in sadness,
To leave a hush forever in my heart.
One word to treasure in my bosom's core;
Whether we meet again, or meet no more.

One word with thee—one brief yet blissful meeting—
To catch thy voice—where last we met alone;
Whose faintest sigh can set this heart to beating
With thoughts and feelings that it dare not own;
One word of bliss: O God! and can it be
That this may be our last? One word with thee!

—*English periodical.*

A SENSATIONAL DRESS.—At Compiegne, where the French court is now residing, great efforts are made by a few of the guests to have something startlingly novel, something quite different from what everybody else wears. The last toilette which produced this much-desired sensation deserves a description. It was made of two skirts of white tulle; the upper one was draped, and both were elaborately ornamented with puffings of tulle and satin, trimmed with an infinite quantity of small larks' heads, the beaks of which were used for fastening down the tulle and satin puffings. The head-dress consisted of a spray of diamonds and a lark. We have heard of lark pies, but never before of dresses trimmed with larks. But birds of all descriptions are fashionable; the most tasteful head-dresses are made in Paris of peacocks' feathers, ravens' wings, and magpies' tails.

Tom Thumb Abroad.

On Wednesday evening the Prince and Princess of Wales had a very small reception on a very small scale. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stratton, (*alias* General and Mrs. Tom Thumb,) Miss Minnie Warren, (the sister of the latter,) and *the baby*, were received at Marlborough House, and had the honor of an interview with the Prince and Princess, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Arthur. The reporter gives the following account of the interesting interview:—

"On arrival at Marlborough House the party were conducted to the library, where they had an opportunity of seeing many of the beautiful articles presented to the Princess of Wales on her marriage; but almost before a thorough examination of these interesting objects could be made, the Prince and Princess of Wales entered the apartment, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Arthur. After the formal presentation to their Royal Highnesses had been made, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge entered into conversation with the General, while the Princess of Wales bestowed much attention on the pretty little infant, who was held in the arms of Mrs. Wells, and who was uncommonly "good" on the auspicious occasion, although her bed-time had arrived. Her royal highness also conversed with Mrs. Stratton and her sister, who, as well as the General, were highly delighted with the affability shown by their royal highnesses. The interview lasted for about a quarter of an hour, when the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Arthur, retired, having previously expressed the great pleasure they had derived from the interview—a pleasure which, it need scarcely be said, was felt in the highest degree by the General and his party." On the same afternoon Mr. Stratton and his lady gave a reception at Cataldi's hotel, Dover street, at which we had the pleasure of attending. The room was crowded with a large number of people, who were bending curious eyes upon the diminutive group; but even under these trying circumstances the self-possession of "the General" never deserted him for a moment. He walked about with the air of a little man thoroughly satisfied with the world and with all about him, greeting his numerous guests in the most affable manner and introducing his wife and sister-in-law with the best grace. "My wife, Mrs. Stratton; Miss Minnie Warren, my wife's sister," quoth he, coming up and offering us his hand, and then pointed, with an air of conscious pride to "the baby," who was in imminent danger of being smothered by the kisses of the ladies, to whom it was the centre of attraction. The General seems to have altered very little since we saw him twenty years ago. His form is, of course, stouter, and more manly, and his upper lip is adorned with a short moustache; but he still looks wonderfully young and in excellent case. His little wife is as dapper, pleasant looking a little body as any one could meet with in a long day's march—well proportioned, somewhat inclined to embonpoint, but very graceful withal. She was attired in a pretty little dress of light violet satin, made low and trimmed with lace, a beautiful little wreath of small white flowers in her hair, (which hung in curls behind,) and the tiniest little white kid gloves we ever saw. Little Miss Minnie Warren (who is eighteen years old and half a head shorter than her sister) was also very nicely dressed, and wore a pretty little white opera cloak. The baby, which is one year old, was somewhat smaller than the average of babies, but not so diminutive as the size of its parents would lead us to expect. The "General," however, informed us that he himself was by no means a small baby at that age. The baby did not appear to be more fractious than the circumstance of being caressed by people who, to its eyes, and in contrast with its parents, must have appeared ogresses and giantesses, fairly warranted. It laughed and cried by turns, and brandished a rattle about with great vivacity, evincing occasionally the strongest desire to "come to its mums." Nothing could be more polite and pleasant than the manners and bearing of these little people. There is nothing either childish or dwarfish about them, and instead of awakening either repugnance or pity, (as abnormal personages almost invariably do,) there is an apparent happiness and gracefulness about them that almost leads us to wish that the tiny race were more numerous. Seeing them realizes better than Dean Swift's graphic words the microscopic grace and dignity of the Lilliputian court. We remember a very grave man and earnest thinker looking with admiration upon a group of pretty children, and saying, "What a pity it is that some of these should not be allowed to remain as they are, and never grow bigger! How they would serve to ornament the world!" It was with something of this feeling that we looked upon the Stratton family. The General favored us with a little conversation in the most friendly manner possible. He perfectly remembered being in Liverpool when a boy. He proposes to take his family on to the Continent; just a few weeks in Paris and then to Italy. He will certainly go to Rome, and perhaps to Venice. We told him that the winter journey across the Alps was sometimes very severe; but he replied gaily that they were all very well, and he thought they should bear it. It is understood that the visit of "the General" and his wife to Europe is not with any view to gain. The receptions are by invitation, and we hear, upon good authority, that, small as the family may be, its fortune approaches rather Brobdignagian than Lilliputian proportions. Little Miss Warren, however, will shortly make her public appearance at St. James's Hall, accompanied by a little mannikin called "the Commodore," who has his fortune yet to make. Who knows but what this tiny couple may in time also come together, and that "the General" and "the Commodore" may be destined to be the founders of a diminutive race of pretty little beings who will realize the aspiration of my grave and learned friend? If so, it might be proposed that one of the smallest islands in the Pacific should be set aside for colonization by this tiny people, and that they should be taken forthwith under the protection of the British flag. "The General" himself might be appointed Governor-General of the colony under a charter, to be written on a single sheet of small satin rose colored note paper; whilst the protection of the mother country might be afforded in the shape of the smallest of her majesty's gun-boats and a garrison consisting of drummer boys. What a rich treat a visit this little colony would afford some fine navigating Gulliver.—*English paper, of Nov. 26.*

☞ It is useless for any man, even the subtlest, to think fully to comprehend any woman, even the simplest.

Petroleum.

The following extract from the Massachusetts Magazine, for July, 1792, illustrates the antiquity of the oil developments:—

"In the northern parts of Pennsylvania there is a creek called Oil Creek, which empties itself into the Alleghany river, issuing from a spring, on the top of which floats an oil similar to what is called Barbados tar, and from which may be collected by one man several gallons in a day. The American troops, in marching that way, halted at the spring, collected the oil and bathed their joints with it. This gave them relief, and freed them immediately from the rheumatic complaints with which many of them were affected. The troops drank freely of the waters; they acted as a gentle purge.

"There is another spring in the western part of Virginia as extraordinary in its kind as the one just mentioned, called the Burning Spring. It was known a long time to the hunters. They frequently encamped by it for the sake of obtaining good water. Some of them arrived late one night, and after making a fire, took a brand to light them to the spring. On their coming to it some fire dropped from the brand, and in an instant the water was in flames, and so continued, over which they could roast their meat as soon as by the greatest fire. It was left in this situation, and continued burning for three months without intermission. The fire was extinguished by excluding the air from it, or smothering it. The water taken from it into a vessel will not burn. This shows that the fire is occasioned by nothing more than a vapor that ascends from the water.

"There are two springs high up on the Powtomack, one of which has about the same degree of heat as blood running from the veins. It is much frequented by people who have lost their health. The waters are drunk with freedom, and also serve as a hot bath, by which much good has been experienced. The other spring, issuing from the same mountain, a little farther off, is as remarkable for its coldness as the other for its heat, and differs from common springs in as many degrees."

So much interest is felt to know where all this oil has been lying hidden for ages, that we subjoin a theory in reference to it which seems to be the most generally accepted. The Pittsburg Chronicle, speculating on the formation of petroleum says:—

"We may set it down as an axiom that nature is not only capable of producing now all articles that she has ever produced, but that she is and will continue to produce them until she substitutes something better. Perhaps our meaning will be better understood by applying to a single article. Suppose, for instance, we take the one in which we all have so deep an interest—petroleum. This is known to be a hydro carbon, composed of two gases. These gases are primary elements, indestructible and exhaustless in quantity. One of them—hydrogen—is a constituent of water, and, of course, is as inexhaustible as the ocean. The other is a constituent in all vegetable forms, and in many of our rocks. One hundred pounds of limestone, when burned, will weigh but sixty pounds. The part driven off by burning is carbonic acid. Underlying the 'oil rock' is a stratum of limestone of unknown thickness, but known to be upwards of one thousand feet in depth. The water falling on the surface and percolating through the porous sandstone that underlies the oil rock, becomes charged with salt, potash, saltpetre, and other chemical ingredients, and, finally, reaches the limestone rock and decomposes it—the carbon in the rock and the hydrogen of the water uniting to form oil, while the oxygen is set free to ascend to the atmosphere or unite with minerals and form oxygen. The reverse of this process is seen in burning the oil in a lamp—the oxygen in the atmosphere uniting with the carbon in the oil, forming carbonic acid, and with the hydrogen forming water—thus completing the circle. The question is frequently asked, 'When will the oil become exhausted?' We may answer, when the ocean is and not before."

BUTTER.—One of the causes alleged of the high price of butter has been the bad pastures and the high price of fodder. This at least is asserted by the dairymen and the farmers. But the records of the Agricultural Department at Washington put a quietus to this allegation. Four of the chief butter and cheese producing states show the following results:—In New York butter is five per cent. above the amount made last year; in Pennsylvania it is 1½ tenth above. In both of these states cheese is the same as last year. In Ohio butter is two-tenths above, and cheese one-tenth above; in Illinois butter is 1½ tenths, and cheese two-tenths below last year's production. These statistics prove that instead of producing a less amount of butter and cheese on account of the drought last summer, there is an increase in all the states named in both with the single exception of cheese in Illinois.

FARM LABOR FOR THE NEXT YEAR.—The Agricultural Report from the Department at Washington represents that, notwithstanding the great loss of farm labor, especially in the Western states, the returns show that the usual amounts of wheat, rye, and barley have been sown. The weather has been unusually favorable for putting these crops in, and hence the labor of the country has had a longer time to operate in. It has been equally favorable for the growth of these crops, and should they escape freezing out, the spring will open with the promise of an undiminished yield of these important staples.

SEMMES boasts at Mobile that he wiped American commerce from the seas, and that it is rare that the Yankee flag is found floating in foreign waters. The Yankee flag is engaged in putting a stop to rebel communication with the rest of the globe. Semmes took good care to keep out of its way, which is one reason why he saw so little of it. The result of his first encounter with it proved the prudence of his previous avoidance of it.

GOLD POWDER IN THE HAIR.—This fashion, now prevailing both in London and Paris, has the warrant of art in the fact that it is becoming to the generality of complexions. The Venitian painters knew what they were about when they portrayed their handsome country women with gleams of bright light darting amid their locks.

☞ A curious ceremo[ny] just taken place in Paris. The heart of [Cu]vier, the philosopher, which has been [pre]served by his family since his death, [ha]s been presented to a museum, *Le Cabi[net] des Médailles*, and has been deposited there[in] with great solemnity, two Ministers of State [and]

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—A sad case of drowning occurred in the Loyalsock creek, near Newberry, Lycoming county, on Sunday week. Three children, a boy and two girls, aged respectively eight, six, and four years, of George Loyd, went on the ice, and soon after it was discovered that it had given way, and they were all drowned. The father, who had been absent three years in the army, arrived at home that morning just in time to see the lifeless bodies of his children taken from the water.

☞ Marie Antoinette is the Empress Eugenie's passion. She has a drawing-room at the Tuileries filled with relics, portraits, autographs and furniture of that unfortunate queen, and has agents constantly employed in hunting up everything associated with her.

☞ A European correspondent says little Commodore Nutt and little Minnie Warren are to be married soon in London.

☞ Gen. Godfrey Weitzel has gone to Cincinnati to get married. This additional proof of his courage was not needed.

☞ General Sherman is sending the negroes who followed him into Savannah to Beaufort. With the first ship-load he sent this message to General Saxton:—"Please find enclosed seven thousand contrabands, the first instalment of fifteen thousand. Many of them are from far up in Georgia, and a long, weary and sorrowful tramp they have had. Many of them with little children have not brought a thing with them, and have most miserable covering. Bales of clothing can be disposed of among them."

☞ ENGLISH ECONOMY.—The economical habits of English ladies curiously peep forth in the magazines and periodicals intended for their use. In one of the leading lady's newspapers, a great portion of its communications and editorials is devoted to such subjects as these:—The best pattern of a cheap dressing gown, cleaning steel ornaments, where to buy cheap coral, how to clean feathers, to wash silk, trimming a white petticoat "with tucks and insertions;" how to make cheap table mats, and other contrivances of persons who wish to be very correct and cannot afford the expense of genuine articles.

☞ Gen. Grant has testified his sincere appreciation of Gen. Sherman by subscribing $500 to the testimonial to the latter now being gotten up in the shape of a homestead in Ohio.

☞ In respect to talking, man is the intermediate link between woman and the brute creation.

MEASLES are prostrating the volunteers by hundreds, the hospitals are crowded with them. Soldiers, be warned in time. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are positively infallible in the cure of this disease; occasional doses of them will preserve the health even under the greatest exposures. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

GENTLEMEN'S HATS.—All the latest styles at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

COE'S TONIC ELIXIR is a sure remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nausea, or sickness at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-nursing and care of children. It is delightful to the taste, can be taken at all times without injury, and should be in every family. Principal Depot, SAMUEL C. HART, No. 26 South Second street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

PURCHASERS may rely upon getting the best *Fans* at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. jan17-4t

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is very little inquiry for Flour. Sales 8,00 bbls at $8,50@9,25 for superfine; $10,50@11,25 for extras; $11,25@12,25 for extra family, and $12,50@15 ₩ bbl for high grade do and fancy brands. Rye Flour; sales $9@9,25 ₩ bbl. Buckwheat Meal is scarce at $3,25 the 100 lbs, and Mill Feed in demand at $15 47 ₩ ton.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and Wheat is in limited request, some 20,000 bus have been disposed of, mostly reds, at $2,65@2,70, the latter for amber; and white at $2,80@3, including prime Kentucky. Rye is selling at $1,73@1,78. Corn; sales 30,000 bus, mostly new yellow, at $1,72@1,75, including white at $1,72, and old yellow at $1,88. Oats; some 30,000 bus Penna were disposed of at 83@84c.

PROVISIONS—Holders are firm in their views. Sales 250 bbls at $42@44 for Mess Pork, and $21@25 ₩ bbl for country and city Mess Beef. Beef Hams are steady at $26. Dressed Hogs are selling at $17@17½ the 100 lbs. Bacon is unchanged. Of Green Meats the sales are mostly confined to pickled Hams at 20@21c, the latter for choice lots, and Shoulders at 13@13½c ₩ lb. Lard—Sales of ton at 23½@24½c, and kegs at 26@28c. Butter—Sales at 38@42c for common packed and roll, 45@50c for good and prime and 54@55c for Goshen. Cheese is steady at 18@21c ₩ lb. Eggs are scarce at 44@46c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market has been dull. Sales 200 bales sold at $1,12@1,20 for middlings, cash.

BARK—Sales Quercitron at $42 for No. 1. Tanners' Bark—Sales of Chestnut Oak at $21@22 ₩ cord.

BEES WAX is steady at 71@72c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market is very inactive. Schuylkill White Ash, lump, ₩ ton, $8,75@9; Prepared do, $8,75@9,25; Red Ash, $9@9,25; Lehigh, lump, $8@9,50; Prepared, $9@9,50; by retail, do, $10@12; Schuylkill prepared, $10,50@11,50.

COFFEE—The market is firm. Sales 800 bags Rio at 40@44c ₩ lb.

FEATHERS—Sales 9,000 lbs western at 50c.

FRUIT—The sales are light at $5@6 for Green Apples, and $22@25 ₩ bbl for Cranberries. Dried Fruit—We quote Apples at 13@15c; unpared Peaches 25@26c, and pared do at 36@40c.

HAY—Sales of baled at $30@32 ₩ ton.

HOPS are selling at 45@55c for new Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market continues very inactive. Pig Metal is selling at $50@55 ₩ ton for the three numbers of Anthracite, cash. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig. Blooms and Boiler Plates are dull.

MOLASSES—Sales Cuba at 73@75c, and Sugar-house at 66@68c, cash.

OILS—Petroleum comes in slowly and meets with a limited inquiry; crude is scarce and quoted at 50@60c; of refined sales ₩ bbl are reported at 73@74c, in bond, and free Oil at 93@97c, as to quality.

PLASTER—5 00 to 5 50 ₩ ton.

RICE—Sales Rangoon at 13½@14c ₩ lb.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is in good demand, and selling at $15,50@16,25 ₩ bus. Timothy is held at $7 ₩ bus. Flaxseed is selling at $3 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy, Gin and Rum are very quiet, and prices nominally unchanged. Whiskey—Sales at $2,27@2,32 for Pennsylvania and Western bbls.

SUGARS—Sales 300 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 20@22½c.

TALLOW is quiet at 17½@17½c for Western, and 18c ₩ lb for city.

WOOL—The market has been quiet. Sales 120,000 lbs, in lots, at $1@1,05 for fleece mostly at $1@1,05, the latter for medium; 85@90c for pulled, and $1,10@1,15 for tub. Yarns sell at $1,50@1,70 ₩ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1000 head. The prices realized from $12 to $17,50 ₩ 100 lbs. 2100 Hogs at from $17 to 19 00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—4300 head were disposed of at from 9 to 11 cts ₩ lb. 100 Cows brought from $30 to 50 ₩ head.

BEAUTY.

HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,13. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. jan14-4t

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HATS.—All styles at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

LONDON HAIR COLOR RESTORER AND DRESSING.—Restores Gray Hair without Dyeing. A Sure Preventive of Baldness.
1.—It will restore gray hair to its original color.
2.—It will make it grow on bald heads.
3.—It will restore the natural secretions.
4.—It will remove all dandruff and itchings.
5.—It will make the hair soft, glossy and flexible.
6.—It will preserve the original color to old age.
7.—It will prevent the hair from falling off.
8.—It will cure all diseases of the scalp.
Sold by DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North SIXTH Street, Philada. Price 75 cents; six bottles, $5. jan21-eowtf

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURS.
The largest and best stock in the city, at CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. jan14-3t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Goddard, JAMES M. STOTESBURY to LUCY H., daughter of John M. Butler, Esq., both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. WILLIAM A. HUGHES, of Chester county, Pa., to Miss ANNA T. MERKLE, of this city.

On the 20th of Dec., by the Rev. E. D. Pendall, JOHN L. WAXLER to SARAH W. SHALLCROSS, both of this city.

On the 21st of 10th mo., 1864, by Alexander Henry, Mayor, HENRY BISHOP, Jr., to SARAH B. WHITE, both of Salem county, N. J.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Bomberger, WILLIAM CALVER, M. D., of Philada., to Miss M. JANE PEDRICK, of New Jersey.

On the 29th of Dec., by the Rev. J. F. Chaplain, Capt. JAMES L. ROBINSON to Miss EMELINE STABLE, both of this city.

On the 28th of Dec., by the Rev. E. P. Riley, ALBERT F. TODD, Esq., of Chester Valley, to KATE A. WILSON, daughter of J. R. Wilson, Esq., of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, MARGARET, widow of the late Saml N. Rice.

On the 9th instant, Mr. CHARLES LORD, in his 42d year.

On the 9th instant, MARY NIXON, in her 65th year.

On the 8th instant, JOHN A. WILLIAMS, in his 44th year.

On the 6th instant, HANNAH CHAMBERS, in her 78th year.

On the 5th instant, JOHN ELLIS, in his 86th year.

On Tuesday, 3d instant, JOHN W. GARDNER, in his 27th year.

On the 7th instant, WILLIAM GOODALL, in his 47th year.

On the 8th instant, ESTHER, relict of the late Fred. Erdman in her 70th year.

On the 6th instant, GEORGE W. DORSEY, in his 49th year.

On the 6th instant, JAMES C. CRAVEN, in his 49th year.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865.
EYRE & LANDELL.
ESTABLISHED IN 1840.
We always adhere to good Goods, and depend on fair dealing for
GOOD STOCK OF SILK GOODS.
GOOD STOCK OF DRESS GOODS.
SHAWLS AND STAPLE GOODS.
mar12-1y

WITHERS & PETERSON,
39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,
STOCK AND EXCHANGE
BROKERS.
STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.
7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.
All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.
UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.
Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.
DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
my9-1y

RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD.
Having a regular sale of Twenty-five Thousand Copies a Year, is superior in excellence to all other "Methods," and the Book that every pupil needs for the acquirement of a thorough knowledge of Pianoforte playing. It is adapted to all Grades of Tuition, from the Rudimental Studies of the youngest, to the Studies and exercises of Advanced Pupils. Two editions are published, one adopting American, the other foreign fingering. When the work is ordered, if no preference is designated, the edition with American fingering will be sent.
☞ Be sure that in ordering it you are particular in specifying the "New Method." Price $2 75. Mailed, post-paid, to any address. Sold by all Music Dealers. OLIVER DITSON & Co., jan21-tf Publishers, Boston.

NEW YORK PIANO FORTE COMPANY'S UNSURPASSED
PIANO FORTES.
These instruments are made by an Association of the most expert Artisans from the largest establishments in New York.
EVERY PIANO WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.
A. H. REICHENBACH,
Pianos to let. No. 1230 Chestnut St., Philada.
nov26-3m

BEWARE THE NORTHEASTER!—BROWN'S PATENT METALLIC WEATHER STRIPS and WINDOW BANDS totally exclude COLD, WIND, RAIN, and DUST from doors and windows. They stop the rattling of sashes, save one half the fuel, and are warranted for five years.
For sale or applied by DAVID H. LOSEY, 38 South FIFTH St., Philadelphia.
Sole Agent for Pennsylvania.
Local Agents wanted throughout the State.
jan21-4t

FREE BY MAIL FOR $2.00.—RITTER'S Portable Desk, Portfolio and Checker-board combined, weighs 12 ounces. Contains 20 articles for Soldiers, Sailors, Miners, &c. Agents wanted. 1t A. J. RITTER, Rahway, N. J.

FALSE WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHES. A full assortment by mail, to any address, on receipt of *two dollars*. Enclose money in a well sealed envelope, stating the color you wish. Orders promptly filled. Address, carefully, FRANK A. BELL, Box 4, Charlotte Michigan. jan3-3t

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—MY ONGUENT will cause them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, feb27-tf 102 Nassau street, New York City.

Rates of Advertising.
Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with
Plain Table, $55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 65

No. 2 Machine, with
Waxed Black Walnut Table, $61
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 100

No. 1 Machine, with
Polished Table, $75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut, 82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

ORA, THE LOST WIFE.
This powerful novel, by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, is now for sale by booksellers generally. We call attention to the following notices:

From the New York Evening Post.
"The author, who, as it appears by the dedication, is a lady, possesses one of the qualities necessary to the success of a novelist, in a high degree; that is to say, the power of interesting the reader and inspiring him with an increasing curiosity to learn the issue of the series of embarrassments with which she surrounds the heroine of her story. On the plot of this single narration, she has lavished enough of incident to serve a writer of ordinary frugality for three or four novels, such as form the staple of circulating libraries. The reader has hardly time to criticise the probability of one interesting situation, before he is hurried on to another. Along with this facility of invention, there is great pathos in the tenderer scenes. The hero and, the Lost Wife, is a beautiful, accomplished and heroic young woman, with many admirable traits of character, but betrayed by her pride into errors which are the source of great misfortunes. Her character is drawn with much skill and power. Perhaps it is a defect in the work, that she is made so little conscious of her own errors, but it is a work of much talent and no little promise."

From Godey's Lady's Book.
ORA, THE LOST WIFE.—This is a very extraordinary novel for its power and its pathos. There are some scenes in it that we think cannot be excelled. The character of the heroine is well drawn, and apparently from life. The scene of the death of little Ada is perfectly beautiful, and the characters stand out in the book like living personages. We cannot call it a sensation novel, although it is as full of incidents as any of the works of Miss Braddon or Mrs. Wood—quite as interesting, but far more natural. Altogether it is one of the most readable and interesting novels that has been presented to the public for years. The authoress of "Ora" has made her mark; let her follow it up, and we will hear of her as one of the most popular novel writers of our country.

From the Quincy (Ill.) Herald.
ORA, OR THE LOST WIFE.—This novel comes highly spoken of by various newspaper authorities. The Saturday Evening Post announces it a book of "more than the average degree of quality." It looks forward to the future career of the authoress, as "one of much brightness, and honor well deserved." The Cincinnati Commercial says its "characters are admirably drawn, the plot well conceived, chaining the reader to the narrative with breathless interest to the close. In no part or portion does the story lose its wonderful power, but carries us on to the closing line, when it leaves us wishing for a continuation." The N. Y. Reformer asserts that the writer "displays an accurate knowledge of the motives, passions, loves and resentments that control human action, rarely witnessed in modern novels of this kind. The book is beautifully and artistically written, &c." Arthur's Home Magazine speaks of the "surpassing powers" of the fair authoress. What higher praise could a young author ask than is contained in the above quotations? It is doubtful if the "Great Unknown" received more unreserved commendation and laudation, when he astonished the English world with "Waverly," and its successors. The best novelists of the day, and certainly no previous time has produced better, are not more highly spoken of than the authoress of "Ora, or the Lost Wife."
The author of this popular story is BELLA Z. SPENCER, who is well known to many of our citizens. A second edition is now being published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., *Philada.* Price $1 50. jan21-4t

LEWIS LADOMUS & CO.,
DIAMOND DEALERS AND JEWELERS,
WATCHES & SILVER WARE,
WATCHES & JEWELRY REPAIRED.
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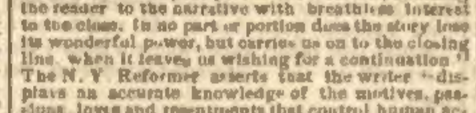
Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1 00. Address F. P. BOWEN, jan7-4t Box 4230, Boston, Mass.



A Pamphlet directing how to speedily RESTORE sight and give up spectacles without aid of Doctor or medicine. Sent by mail free on receipt of 10 cts. Address F. B. FOOTE, M. D., jan7-3m 1130 Broadway, New York.

CANCERS CURED.
CANCERS, TUMORS, WHITE SWELLINGS, &c., &c., cured without pain or the use of the knife. Send for Circular, free of charge. Address Drs. BABCOCK & TORIN, oct8-3m 97 BOND Street, New York.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.
The undersigned have this day formed a co-partnership under the style and title of
ADAMS & LEVIS,
For the purpose of transacting a general
BANKING AND STOCK BROKERAGE BUSINESS.
Oil, Telegraph and Express Company Stocks made a specialty.
Government Loans and Specie bought and sold.
THEO. ADAMS,
GEO. H. LEVIS,
No. 306 CHESTNUT STREET.
Philada., Dec. 6, 1864. dec31-4t

B. FRANK PALMER.
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.
The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection*. *Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*
Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.
The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.
All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist, oct29-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

WENDEROTH & TAYLOR,
PHOTOGRAPHERS AND IVORYTYPISTS,
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PHILADELPHIA,
Invite attention to their improved styles of Imperial and extra Imperial Photographs, presenting the finish of retouched pictures at the cost of plain.
Every style of picture furnished from the *Carte de Visite* to the highly-finished Ivorytype and Oil Portrait, with satisfaction guaranteed.
☞ Particular attention given to copying Old Pictures.
☞ Fine assortment of ALBUMS constantly on hand.
N. B.—Views of COUNTRY SEATS, HORSES, &c., taken on moderate terms. jan 7-tf

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE, No. 10 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.
Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. jel8-1y

A WATCH FREE,
And $15 to $20 per day, made easy, selling our *Latest Novelty*, now creating such an *Immense Sensation* and extraordinary demand throughout the *Army* and Country. The *Great, New*, and *Wonderful* PRIZE PACKAGE-SOLIDS. Extra Large Size 7 by 12. *Just Out*. Each of which contains *Several Dollars' Worth* of useful and *Valuable Goods*, Prizes, &c. Price only 25 cents. Articles that Soldiers and Families cannot *do without*. Thousands sold every day. Soldiers can clear a *Month's Pay* in one day. Agents wanted in every town, village and camp for this *Standard Article*. A splendid *Gold or Silver* WATCH presented *free* as a premium to every Agent. This is the greatest money-making ever offered. Full particulars *free*. Address OTIS T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine. nov6-3m

$70 A MONTH! I want Agents everywhere, at $70 a month, expenses paid, to sell *Fifteen Articles*, the best selling ever offered. Full particulars *free*. Address OTIS T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine. nov6-3m

AGENTS WANTED.—$10 per day clear profit. For particulars, enclose red stamp to WM. EARL, 18 White St., New York. jan7-3m

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit, and as a CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay of Manhood, &c., supplying at the same time THE MEANS OF SELF-CURE. By one who cured himself after undergoing considerable quackery. By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the author. NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Brooklyn, Kings Co., N. Y. dec9-13t

$125 A MONTH!—WANTED!—SEWING MACHINE AGENTS! Everywhere, to introduce the new *Shaw & Clark Sixteen Dollar Family Sewing Machine*, the *only* low price machine in the country which is *licensed* by Grover & Baker Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. Salary and expenses, or large commissions allowed. *All* other Machines now sold for less than forty dollars each are *infringements*, and the seller and user *liable*. Illustrated circulars sent *free*. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine. nov26-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

LOVE SONG.

BY A GARDENER.

Yes, I own the soft impeachment; yes, I pine for Widow Green,
Ripe and rosy, blithe and blooming, fit to be a "British Queen:"
When in all her full-blown beauty she makes summer in the street,
I'm quite nervous when I meet her, and I turn as red as beet.

My carnations set me thinking of the damask on her cheek,
The blush-rose wears her colors and the tulips all but speak;
If the flower in white, the lily, will be fair he must allow
That the snow and he are flattered by being likened to her brow.

She's the standard of perfection, she's a nonpareil, I swear,
With her violet eyes bewitching and her stream of chestnut hair,
She's the pink of—no, that's hackneyed—and she lives at Dalston now,
Where on Sundays, spruce and smiling, I transplant myself from Slough.

A gage *d'amour* I carry her—the sweetest plum that grows—
And blooms that win me prizes at the Horticultural shows;
Or, looking lackadaisical, I offer "cherry pie,"
To her I call my pippin and the apple of my eye.

Early was the passion planted, deeply rooted it became,
And I made a new auricula perennial with her name;
But she raked up some old grievance, and a meddler came between,
So I wore the (weeping) willow, and said cutting things of Green.

He was bulbous in his figure and but seedy in his clothes,
His hair was rather carroty, and it matched his turn-up nose,
He was older than the lady, and did something at a club,
And I've heard, but this *sub rosa*, that he liked a little shrub.

Peace be to him, and his ashes, though he never cared for trees,
And tied his stock(s) up tightly in the hands of two trustees:
He was happy, with one drawback, no young branches to the vine,
Which I bear with resignation, as they would have soon been mine.

She has doffed her weeds to please me and resumed geranium bows,
Through the vista of the future all appears *couleur de rose*;
For she calls me (christened Peter) her sweet P.,
and bliss divine,
Has named the day when I shall say that she is Jessie mine.

Anecdote of H. W. Beecher.

At a public meeting in New York, a few years since, somebody called for "Beecher," who was in one of the galleries, and he went down to the platform, where he was far from welcome. Of course he had a pungent beginning; and then came a storm of hisses. In vain did he try to go on. Every time he opened his mouth he was greeted with the same overwhelming opposition. Watching his opportunity, he let the indignant throng get fairly out of breath, and contrived to say, in his droliest fashion—

"You remind me very much of my grandfather."

What his grandfather had to do with that meeting awakened general curiosity; and so he was allowed to go on.

"My grandfather was a blacksmith; and a very poor one, too, I am sorry to say. Once he got a fine piece of steel, and said to himself, 'I will make a broad-axe out of this.' He put it in the fire and heated it; and took it out and hammered it, and failed. Then he put it back in the fire, and heated it again, saying, 'Perhaps it will do for a hatchet;' and again he took it out and hammered it, and again he failed."

All this time the audience listened, without seeing the faintest glimmer of a point; but one was coming. After going through the motions of making a hammer, but in vain, Mr. Beecher said—

"At last the old man took the hot steel in his tongs, and, walking to the water-barrel, said—'Well, there is one thing I *can* do; I can make a plaguey good hiss.'"

After that, Mr. Beecher had the cheerful attention of his conciliated hearers.

Decidedly Cool.

A lady, who had a somewhat Bacchanalian spouse, resolved to frighten him into temperance. She therefore engaged a watchman, for a stipulated reward, to carry "Philander" to the watch-house, while yet in a state of insensibility, and to frighten him a little when he recovered. In consequence of this arrangement, he woke up about eleven o'clock, and found himself on his elbow. He looked around until his eyes rested on a man sitting by a stove and smoking a cigar.

"Where am I?" asked Philander.

"In a medical college," said the cigar smoker.

"What a doing there?"

"Going to be cut up."

"Cut up—how comes that?"

"Why, you died yesterday, while drunk, and we have bought your carcass anyhow from your wife, who had a right to sell it, for it's all the good she could ever make out of you. If you are not dead, it's no fault of the doctors; and they'll cut you up, dead or alive."

"You will do it, eh?" asked the old sot.

"To be sure we will—now—immediately," was the resolute answer.

"Wall—look o' here, can't you let us have something to drink before you begin."

☞ "If I was a sheep, Pat," said a farmer to his hired man, as he observed the sheep lying in a shady position, "I would lie on the other side of the fence, where it is warmer." "Throth, thin," was the reply, "if ye had been a shape, ye would have had more sinse nor ye have now."

THE PATENT RESTORER FOR THE HAIR.

(TESTIMONIAL.)

"Dear Sir,—After six months' use of your valuable preparation, my hair has already recovered its former luxuriance," &c., &c.

Little Girls.

I cannot well imagine a home more incomplete than that one where there is no little girl to stand in the void of the domestic circle which boys can never fill, and to draw all hearts within the magic ring of her presence. There is something about little girls which is especially loveable; even their wilful, naughty ways seem utterly void of evil when they are so soon followed by the sweet penitence that overflows in such gracious showers. Your boys are great, noble fellows, generous, loving, and full of good impulses, but they are noisy and demonstrative, and dearly as you love them, you are glad their place is out of doors; but Jennie, with her light step, is always beside you; she brings the slippers for papa, and with her pretty dimpled fingers unfolds the paper for him to read; she puts on a thimble no bigger than a fairy's and with some very mysterious combination of "doll rags," fills up a small rocker by mamma, with a wonderful assumption of womanly dignity. And who shall tell how the little thread of speech that flows with such sweet, silvery lightness from those innocent lips, twines itself around the mother's heart never to rust, not even when the dear little face is hid among the daisies, as so many mothers know.

But Jennie grows to be a woman, and there is a long and shining track from the half-latched door of childhood till the girl blooms into the mature woman. There are the brothers who always lowered their voices when they talk to their sister, and tell of the sports in which she takes almost as much interest as they do, while in turn she instructs them in all the little minor details of home life, of which they would grow up ignorant if not for her. And what a shield she is upon the dawning manhood wherein so many temptations lie. Always her sweet presence to guard and inspire them, a check upon profanity, a living sermon on immortality. How fragrant the cup of tea she hands them at the evening meal; how cheery her voice as she relates the little incidents of the day. No silly talk of incipient beaux, or love of young men met on the promenade. A girl like that has no empty space in her head for such thoughts to run riot in, and you don't find her spending the evening in the dim parlor with a questionable young man for her company.

When her lover comes he must say what he has to say in the family sitting-room with father and mother, or, if ashamed to, there is no room for him there. Jennie's young heart has not been filled by the pernicious nonsense which results in so many unhappy marriages or hasty divorces. Dear girl, she thinks all the time of what a good home she has, what dear brothers, and on bended knees craves the blessings of Heaven to rest on them, but she does not know how far, very far for time and eternity, her own pure example goes, how it will radiate as a blessing into other homes where a sister's memory will be the consecrated ground of the past.

Cherish, then, the little girls, dimpled darlings, who tear their aprons, and cut the tablecloths, and eat the sugar, and are themselves the sugar and salt of life. Let them dress and undress their doll babies to their heart's content, and don't tell them Tom Thumb and Red Riding Hood are fiction, but leave them alone till they find it out, which they will all too soon. Answer all the funny questions they ask, and don't make fun of their baby theology, and when you must whip them, do it so that if you should remember it, it would not be with tears, for a great many little girls lose their hold suddenly before the door from which they have just escaped is shut, and find their way back to the angels. So be gentle with the darlings, and see what a track of sunshine will follow in the wake of the little bobbing heads that daily find a great many hard problems to solve.

Interesting Historical Facts.

The tardiness with which mankind adopt improvements may be, in some degree, illustrated by the following facts, hastily thrown together:

Canal locks were invented in 1481, by engineers of Viterbo, in Italy. They were nearly a hundred years getting fairly into use in France and about one hundred and fifty in crossing the British channel.

At this time it was made felony in several European states to ride in wheel carriages.

The steam-engine was invented, or, rather, the principle of it discovered, by the Marquis of Worcester, as early as 1650. Few understood and none encouraged it. He died in great mortification. The honor was afterwards engrossed by Savary.

In 1705 the Earl of Stanhope applied the steam engine to propelling a vessel. A steamboat was run twenty miles on the Sankey canal, Liverpool, in 1797, and another on the Forth and Clyde canal, in 1801. A steamboat trip was made on the Delaware as early as 1791. In 1807, when Robert Fulton was fitting up his first steamboat at New York, respectable and gray headed men pronounced him "a fool for his pains." Oliver Evans went before committees of legislatures, first in Pennsylvania and then in Maryland, with a project of a steam carriage, as early as 1804. He asked a little aid to defray the expense. They could hardly be prevented from reporting in favor, not of steam engines for carriages, but of a straight jacket for himself. Now, almost all nations have had the sagacity and ingenuity to seize and utilize the precious idea.

When Peter the Great, in 1700, or thereabouts, commenced a canal between the Wolga and the Don, the Governors and Boyards of the country opposed it earnestly, thinking it impiety to turn rivers out of the channels which heaven had assigned them.

When some Dutchmen proposed to make the river Manzanares navigable to the Tagus, and that to Lisbon, the Council said that if it had been the will of God that the river should be navigable, He would have made it so.

When Brinley, the great engineer, told a committee of Parliament, to whom Bridgewater's petition was referred, that canals were better than rivers, and would supersede them for the purpose of navigation, the committee were shocked, and asked him, "And, pray, sir, what were the rivers made for?" "To feed the canals," was the answer.

Dr. Franklin surveyed the route of the Delaware and Chesapeake canal at his own expense, in 1767.

Baron Napier surveyed the route of the Forth and Clyde canal at his own expense, in 1761.

Both these works were subsequently accomplished, but after great delay.

Dr. Zabdiel Boyalston introduced inoculation for the small-pox in Boston, in 1721, and tried at first on his son Thomas, and other members of the family; but such was the force of prejudice and unbelief that the other physicians gave a unanimous opinion against it, the municipal government prohibited its practice, and the populace would have torn him to pieces if he had not retired from the city.

Anecdotes of Fuseli.—When Fuseli was president of the academy, a student one day said confidently to him, as he passed his easel, "Here, sir, I finished it without using a crumb of bread." "All the worse for your drawing," replied Fuseli, "buy a two-penny loaf and rub it out."

"What do you see, sir?" said he one day to a student, who, with his pencil in his hand and his drawing before him, was gazing into vacancy. "Nothing, sir," was the answer. "Nothing, young man?" said the keeper, emphatically; "then I tell you that you ought to see something; you ought to see distinctly the true image of what you are trying to draw. I see the vision of all I paint, and I wish to heaven I could paint up to what I see."

A Warning to Euchre Players.—A young man in Rochester, who is fond of euchre, and also very fond of the daughter of a pillar of one of the orthodox churches, was taking tea at the house of his adored a short time since, and had some fruit cake offered him. Being somewhat confused on account of his situation, as the cake was held out to him, he cried out, "I pass!" The father hearing him, and having played some in his younger days, was horror struck at his infatuation for game, and thought he would teach him a lesson. He spoke bluntly, "You pass, do you? then I order you up—and there's the door: I shall make a march!"

☞ Josh Billings says:—"Tew bring up a child in the way he should go—travel that way yourself." Solomon couldn't improve on that.

AGRICULTURAL.

Flesh in Vegetables.

All vegetables, especially those eaten by animals, contain a certain portion of flesh; for instance, in every hundred parts of wheaten flour there are ten parts of flesh; in a hundred of Indian corn meal there are twelve parts of flesh; and in a hundred of Scotch oatmeal there are eighteen of flesh. Now, when vegetable food is eaten it is to its fleshy constituents alone that we are indebted for restoring to the body what it has lost by muscular exertion. "All flesh is grass," says the inspired writer, and science proves that this assertion will bear a literal interpretation. No animal has the power to create from its food the flesh to form its own body; all the stomach can do is to dissolve the solid food that is put into it; by-and-by the fleshy portion of the food enters the blood and becomes part of the animal that has eaten it. The starch and sugar of the vegetables are either consumed—burned—for the production of warmth, or they are converted into fat and laid up in store as future food when required. Grass consists of certain fleshy constituents, starch and woody fibre. If a cow, arrived at maturity, eats grass, nearly, or the whole, of its food can be traced to the production of milk; the starch of the grass goes to form fat—butter—and the flesh appears as casein, or cheese. When a sheep eats grass, the flesh of grass is but slightly modified to produce mutton, while the starch is converted into fat—suet. When a man eats mutton or beef he is merely appropriating to his own body the fleshy portion of grass, so perseveringly collected by the sheep or oxen. The human stomach, like that of a sheep or ox, has no power to create flesh; all that it can do is to build up its own form with the material at hand. Iron is offered to a workman, and he builds a ship, makes a watch-spring, or a mariner's compass, according to his wants, but although he alters the form and texture of the material under his hand, yet its composition remains the same. So as regards flesh, although there be one "flesh of men, another of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds," yet their ultimate composition is the same, all of which can be traced to the grass of the field or a similar source. Flesh, then, is derived from vegetables, and not from animals; the latter being merely the collectors of it. And, as though the plant knew that some future destiny waited the flesh which it makes, it will not use a particle of it to construct a leaf, a tendril or a flower, but lays it all up in the seed.—*Piesse.*

Browsing Sheep.

Nelson Young, South Addison, Steuben county, New York, writes to us that several years ago he experimented in browsing sheep in the winter, and that he "found if they could have plenty of hemlock they would eat no other that he could give them." Since then, whenever his sheep are kept from the ground a week at a time by snow, he has attempted to provide them with hemlock." He says, "it would have done you good to see my sheep meet me last winter when I drew the first hemlock top into the yard. Though they had plenty of first rate hay and poorly threshed straw, they devoured the hemlock with avidity." Mr. Young thinks it keeps his sheep healthy, and that if they have plenty of "fresh cut and thrifty hemlock" they will not eat more than two-thirds as much hay. He says his lambs come late, and that he "does not know how it will do for the ewes that suckle lambs."

Sheep confined to dry feed soon learn to eat hemlock as above described, and they undoubtedly obtain a degree of sustenance from it—but whether as much as a third, as our correspondent supposes, we are hardly prepared to say. We have known sheep killed by eating hemlock when it was given to them in large quantities after a *long* confinement to dry feed—but this never need happen, because it can be given more frequently or more sparingly at first.

If the present winter proves a severe one, there will be great need of eking out the feed of our domestic animals in every possible way.—*Rural New Yorker.*

How to Choose Potatoes.—Observe as a general rule, says Soyer, that the smaller the eye, the better the potato, as when they are too full in the eye they are either of an inferior quality, or are running to seed. To ascertain if they are sound, nip a piece from the thickest end with your finger nail; if good, the inside will either be of a good white, yellow, or reddish hue, according to the sort and quality; if, on the contrary, they are spotted, they are bad, or getting so; but though this part may be slightly touched, by cutting a little off the outside they may prove fit for boiling.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Cure for Frosted Feet.—I know a remedy against chilblains which is so simple and easy that doubtlessly many would hardly think it worth trying. As, however, it completely cured my poor feet, which had suffered for fifteen winters with chilblains, and to which all possible lotions and salves, &c., had been ineffectually applied, I am most anxious to give those who are similarly affected the benefit of my experience. The remedy consists in a hot footbath only; but the water must be as hot as can possibly be endured, and the feet, after having been kept in from fifteen to twenty minutes, must be immersed into cold water, to prevent catching cold. An instant relief will be experienced from the burning and itching sensation.—*Ibid.*

An Easy and Simple Yeast.—Take a jar or quart pitcher, and mix in it flour and warm water with a little salt, somewhat thicker than batter, and about half full. Then set the pitcher in a kettle of warm water, about the same temperature, which must be kept up by adding warm water occasionally. It must stand thus for five or six hours, and be stirred now and then, until it begins to rise. It will at last fill the pitcher, when it will be sufficient to make two or three loaves of bread, by being mixed with more flower and warm water in the usual way. If you use water half of which is boiling, mixed with half quite cold it will give you the proper degree of warmth. One great recommendation to this bread is that it never turns sour with age, and is very easily made.—*Working Farmer.*

An Excellent and Economical Pudding.—Pare and core half a dozen Rhode Island greenings, or other easily-cooking apples, chop them into small bits; dry some bread in the oven—stale is the best—till it is crisp, then roll it into crumbs; butter a deep dish and place in it a layer of crumbs; then put in the apples, with a little sugar, and such spices as you like; cover the apples with another layer of crumbs, add a little beef suet, chopped as finely as possible; pour in half a pint of milk; bake till nicely browned, and serve with hard sauce.

Indian Queen Cake.—Take 3 cups of sifted meal, 1 handful of flour, ½ cup of molasses, 1 egg and ½ tablespoonful of butter, mix thoroughly and stir into a quart of sweet milk till a batter is made of the right thickness; add a teaspoon of soda and a little salt.

Lemon Pie.—Mix 1 cup of sugar, 1 egg, and the juice and grated peel of a lemon; add 1 teaspoon of butter and 1 of flour rubbed together; beat them thoroughly and bake in a crust of pastry. This will make a good sized pie.

Dirt Cake.—Tablespoonful of butter, 2 eggs, 1½ cups of sugar, 1 of milk, 3 of flour, 1 teaspoon of soda, 2 of cream tartar. Flavor with essence of lemon.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

☞ People may argue against it as they will, but the instinctive leaning of inexperienced human nature is to trust in beauty. Angels are painted fair. No one imagines a squat Venus, a scraggy Eve, or a beetle-browed Apollo.

☞ The ideal is a sort of Don Quixote, and the real is his Sancho Panza.

THE RIDDLER.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1.

My first is applied to ladies and girls,
When they can sport rings and sweet pretty curls,
Before they embark on the troublesome sea—
The sea whose name is matrimony.

2.

My second's the name of a young lady fair,
Just emerged from her mamma's quite troublesome care;
Who thinks she's quite ready to enter the world,
And through the "sweet" mazes of waltzing be whirled.

3.

My third is a grain, in our country that grows;
It may brighten the eye or redden the nose.
It helps Uncle "Sam" to getting the cash,
The heads of the reptile "Rebellion" to smash.

4.

My whole has been pillaged and plundered and robbed,
And citizens daring to hoist our flag mobbed;
Its daughters insulted, sons hunted by hounds—
Our noble old emblem trailed low in the ground.

Woodfield, Ohio. CHAL.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a watchword and motto,
To soldiers oft a welcome sound.
My second is a river in Europe,
By tourists and poets renowned.
My third is a southern city,
Where tropical fruits abound.
No slave-ship o'er has ploughed my whole,
But o'er it honest commerce rolls.
The captive, too, from off this sea,
Has hailed the land of Liberty.

West Chester, Pa. H. H. WALTER.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A kind of meat.
A preposition.
An astronomical term.
Poverty.
An ancient tyrant.
A celebrated Greek poet.

My initials and finals form two important cities of Europe. S. HORACE G.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are three men with their wives; the men's names are John, William, and Henry; the women's, Mary, Susan, and Huldah—but I forgot the name of each man's wife. They told me they had been to market to buy hogs. Each person bought as many hogs as they gave shillings for each hog. John bought 23 hogs more than Susan, and William bought 11 more than Mary, and each man laid out 3 guineas more than his wife. Required the number of hogs each one bought; also tell me the name of each man's wife. GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a fly to light upon the outer edge of the tire of a wagon-wheel, and the wheel to be set in motion on a level plane; what space will the fly go through in going the distance of 100 miles, the diameter of the said wheel to be 5 feet. S. G. CAGROIN.

Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find the periodic time of a pendulum describing a conical surface, the perpendicular height of the described cone being 200 inches. MORGAN STEVENS.

Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What word is that in the English language, of one syllable, which, by taking away the first two letters, becomes a word of two syllables? Ans.—Plague (ague.)

☞ What word of five syllables is that, which, if you take away the first, no syllable remains? Ans.—Monosyllable—no syllable.

☞ What word is that which, if you add a syllable, will make it shorter? Ans.—Short—shorter.

☞ Why is the eye like a schoolmaster in the act of flogging? Ans.—Because it has a pupil under the lash.

☞ What is that which a coach cannot move without, and which yet is no part of it? Ans.—Noise.

☞ Why is swearing like a ragged coat? Ans.—Because it is a bad habit.

☞ What is that which makes every one sick but those who swallow it? Ans.—Flatter-y.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—

"How far one little candle throws its light,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

RIDDLE—Death of General Lyon. DOUBLE REBUS—Oregon, Kansas, (Oak, Riga, Eden, Gas, Ova, Negus.) CHARADE—Bengal, (Ben, gall.) CHARADE—Robin.

Eros N. gives the answer to his PROBLEM, published Nov. 12th:—H. equals 130; F. equals 32; B. equals 126.

Answer to R. C. Patterson's PROBLEM, published Nov. 19th, 1864:—

A. is to receive		$168,4702
B.	"	248,2054
C.	"	124,1027
D.	"	122,2222

J. W. C., Richmond, Ky.; Morgan Stevens and Jas. M. Greenwood.

Answer to PROBABILITY PROBLEM by D. E., Nov. 19th:—0.286714 that C.'s denial is true.—Jas. M. Greenwood.

The Probabilities are as 2 to 3.—Morgan Stevens.